JULY 6, 1940

Liberty

5¢

TALIN'S PARACHUTE TROOPS in the U. S. A.

THE C. I. O.'s NEW WAR

"He's a Great Performer, too!"

Mobilgas

SOCONY-VACUUM

Millions know the Flying Red Horse as a symbol of power, pick-up, mileage ...of *all* good qualities! That's why Mobilgas, and its teammate Mobiloil, are America's favorites!

HERE ARE two horses of a different color. *Both* are great performers. The White Horse in a circus—*the Red Horse in your car!*

The Red Horse stands for "Balanced Performance"—all the pep and power *Mobilgas* gives you every mile you drive!

Whether you're starting up, sprinting, or cruising along—Mobilgas delivers *all* the gasoline qualities your modern motor demands.

It atomizes instantly—fires smoothly—feeds full power to *every* cylinder! Try it...enjoy "Balanced Performance"!

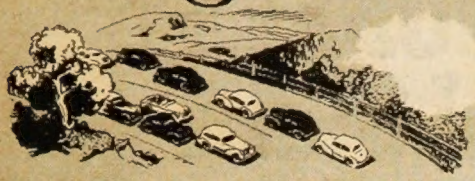
1. Quick starts despite cool engine.
2. Fast warm-up—rapid acceleration.
3. Freedom from vapor-lock—no stalls.
4. Minimum crankcase oil dilution.
5. High anti-knock value.
6. Cleanliness—freedom from gum.
7. Full, smooth power under all conditions.
8. Long mileage—economical operation.

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO., INC.
AND AFFILIATES: Magnolia Petroleum Co.—General Petroleum Corporation of California.

NEED SAFE TIRES FOR THE FOURTH?

Our greatest "G-3" All-Weather now sells at $11.11

(6.00-16 size with your old tire)



YOU don't have to pay fancy prices for safe tires today, even if raw material costs are skyrocketing. Here's Goodyear's first-line "G-3" All-Weather at a price that's way DOWN. And at this new low figure you get a better tire than ever before—*the toughest, safest, farthest-traveling "G-3" ever built!* To make this bargain possible we pruned every overhead cost sharply—re-equipped factories with the most efficient modern machinery—streamlined distribution methods—consolidated branches—and plowed these savings back to give tire buyers greater value. See this world-famous "G-3" All-Weather at your Goodyear dealer's—you'll find it is the greatest buy on the market for so little money. Its longer-wearing, lower-cost-per-mile service will confirm this truth known to millions: *Goodyear tires are as good as you think, and cost far less than you imagine!*

SEE HOW LITTLE THESE GOODYEAR "G-3" ALL-WEATHERS COST
6.00-16 --$11.11
5.25-17 } -- 10.22
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CASH PRICES—WITH YOUR OLD TIRE
(Other sizes proportionately low in price)
Prices subject to change without notice.
FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS
IT HAS BEEN TRUE: MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND!

YOU GET THE WORLD'S MOST POPULAR TREAD FOR TRACTION, SAFETY AND "STOP-ABILITY"

Other tread designs change from year to year but the Goodyear All-Weather has endured for more than a quarter-century. Billions of miles of use have proved its greater safety, its greater traction and stopping power on any road, in any weather. The reason is it gives you *grip* in the *center* of the tread—where your tires touch the road—*the one place you must have non-skid traction!*

PLUS ALL THESE BANNER FEATURES

LONG NON-SKID MILEAGE—*flat thick tread—wide riding ribs—more rubber on the road.*

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NO SLIP ON CURVES—*heavy shoulder blocks resist sliding.*

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GREATER BLOWOUT PROTECTION—*new stronger low stretch Supertwist cord in every ply.*

SMART APPEARANCE—*prismed sidewalls, wide decorative ribs.*

All-Weather, Supertwist—T.M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

CENTER TRACTION MEANS GREATER SAFETY

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

JULY 6, 1940 **Liberty** VOL. 17, NO. 27

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

"WHY CHANGE HORSES?" A NEW DEAL SLOGAN

BERNARR MACFADDEN

Democracy's ideal, Thomas Jefferson, has been cast aside by the New Deal. The adherence to constitutional government which this great leader advocated is now supported by the Republican Party.

And the Philadelphia convention for the selection of the next Republican nominee will be in session when this magazine is before our readers.

This nation is at the crossroads. Are we to continue the trend toward totalitarianism, or shall we begin to give appropriate recognition to Thomas Jefferson's brand of Americanism?

These are questions that the voters must settle in the next national election.

We should cast aside any prejudice we have about parties and give thought only to the principles that are advocated. There are really only two classes in this country—those who believe in the New Deal, and those who consider the regimentation of the people advocated by this administration to be a path that could easily lead toward a tyrannical dictatorship.

And the Republican convention in Philadelphia faces many important problems.

But the first question—and some voters will maintain the *only* question that should be propounded to the delegates of this convention—at least it should surmount everything else in importance—is which candidate will bring to the ballot box the largest number of votes?

The ability and experience of a candidate is unquestionably important. But in times like these the first thought is to elect the nominee; and even should selection be made of a candidate with questionable executive ability, if he is supported by those who believe in returning to American principles, by the forces that have built up industry and stabilized business instead of destroying it—every enemy of the New Deal should join together with joyous acclaim and make every possible effort to elect him.

Which applicant will bring the most votes? Let us pray that the delegates will keep that query in mind continuously. It is of such importance that it overshadows every other requirement to such an extent that they are hardly worth considering.

I am mentioning no names. It is up to the convention to decide. But I am attempting to emphasize—even overemphasize—the need of a candidate who can compete with the golden radio voice of the present executive—who has similar dramatic qualities in his appeal to the people. Whatever defects the candidate may have can easily be remedied by experienced and efficient advisers with whom he should be surrounded.

But that idea of not "changing horses" will not bear close analysis. The United States government is the biggest business in the world. It is greater than General Motors combined with a host of other great corporations. The business management of this government presents many perplexing problems. Executives of great ability and experience should assist the President in solving them.

Suppose, for example, a great business organization was losing money, was facing indebtedness that threatened bankruptcy. Would we suggest the continuance of the management that caused such losses? We would unquestionably select another and more efficient manager.

The controlling officials of France did not hesitate to change their generals. England substituted Churchill for Chamberlain.

And do not forget that the re-election of the present Chief Executive will be taken as a mandate to continue restricting the liberties of our people until we will be hemmed in and hampered not unlike the people of Russia and various other European nations.

Doubtless the next election will, to a certain extent, be a contest between the "haves" and the "have-nots," a struggle between the intelligent stable citizens of this country and those whose chief support comes from the alphabetical Washington bureaus.

The inmates of poorhouses previous to this administration were not allowed to vote. But with millions on the charity rolls, and other millions with easy jobs furnished by the WPA and other governmental sources, the difficulties associated with combating the New Deal advocates in this coming election can readily be realized.

But if we favor Americanism against Russianism it will indeed be desirable to "change horses."

Bernarr Macfadden

See Bernarr Macfadden Editorial Quotation Contest, Page 63

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Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Bernarr Macfadden, President; Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. In the United States and possessions, Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5c a copy, $2.00 a year. In Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, $2.50 a year. In all other countries, $4.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription for Liberty please allow thirty (30) days from the time you send us the subscription and the time when you can expect the first copy. A request for change of address must also reach us at least thirty (30) days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.
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ANCHORS AWEIGH ON THE FORD FLEET

Their home port is six hundred miles inland. Their busy docks are on the River Rouge . . . yet many of them know salt water, and the Ford house flag is a familiar sight in the distant ports of the world.

The Ford Fleet numbers twenty-nine, a sizable collection of merchant vessels. It includes the two largest Diesel freighters on the Great Lakes, four canal boats of 300 feet, five modern seagoing freighters, as well as many barges and tugs.

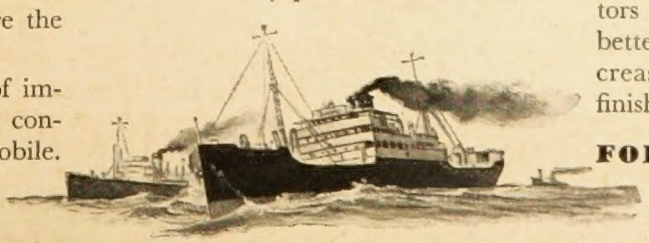
But why should the Ford Motor Company own and operate its own fleet of ships? Other shipping lines are at their disposal, just as are the roads and the railroads.

The answer is simple, and of importance to every person who considers the purchase of an automobile.

The Ford Fleet stands for economy! It saves in transportation costs, storage costs, in capital tied up. It brings raw materials in quantities needed, when needed. It takes away the finished product thriftily and neatly.

Iron ore by the thousand tons is unloaded in one day at the docks of the Rouge. Ore that enters the plant on Monday morning may emerge as part of a finished car on Tuesday noon. One shipload of fourteen thousand tons of coal is consumed in two and a half days.

Canal boats reach all the Atlantic coast assembly plants as far south as Norfolk. They carry Ford parts in racks instead of crates, a saving in expense and space. On their return trips they bring rubber for the tire plant, equipment for the steel mill.

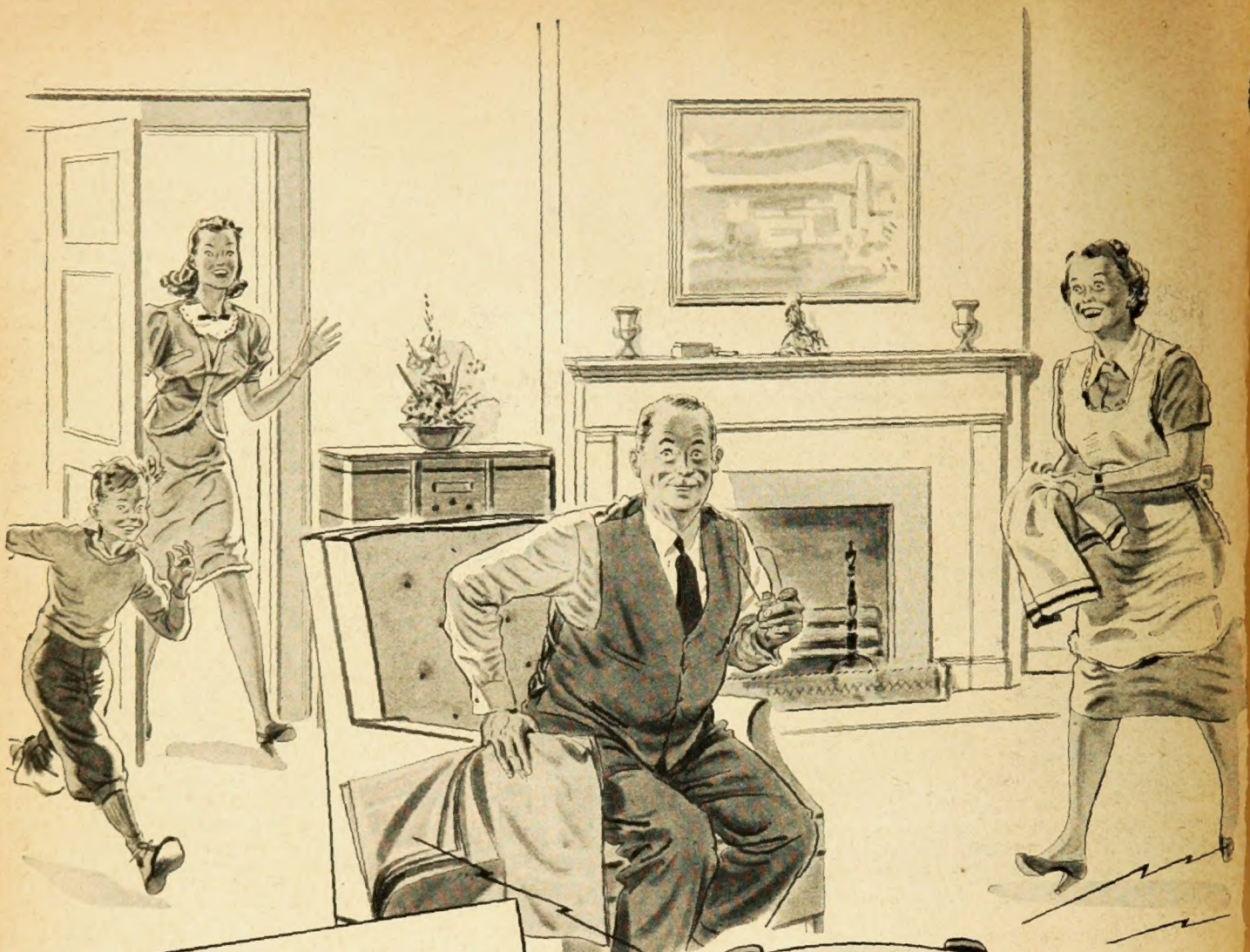


The ocean freight ships touch at Buenos Aires with Ford parts and at Venezuela, as well as Florida and the Gulf, with finished cars.

Altogether, the twenty-nine craft of the Ford Fleet save millions of dollars each year, and these millions are not profits for the Ford Motor Company.

Instead, they are passed along to the buyers of Ford cars, trucks and tractors in the form of lower prices and better values. Ford economy puts increased quality into the finished product!

FORD MOTOR COMPANY



"IS IT FOR ME?"

You kind of hope it is — for a lot of good news and good times come your way by telephone.

Maybe it's a date for Sister Sue. Or a golf call for Dad. Or Bill asking if Jimmie can go to the movies. Or Grandma calling Mother to find out if things are all right.

And everything is more likely to be all right when there's a telephone in the home. In many, many ways, it is a real friend of the family.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

The Bell System cordially invites you to visit its exhibits at the New York World's Fair and the Golden Gate International Exposition, San Francisco.

Danger from within! A startling confession—and a grim warning
BY SERGE JARAMA
Lieutenant in the Abraham Lincoln Brigade of the Loyalist Army in the Spanish Civil War
Rieland

Stalin's Parachute Troops in the U.S.A.

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

STALIN'S Red army has trained thousands of trusted Communists in the military arts of dynamiting bridges, destroying communications, blowing up industrial plants, and other highly strategic sabotage activity " behind the enemies' lines." They are organized as parachute troops, and during hostilities they are dropped in the enemy's rear to carry on their destructive—technically known as diversionist—work.

The fate of King Haakon of Norway during the first days of the Nazi invasion of his country provided a world-stunning illustration of this new technique of revolutionary warfare originated by the Bolsheviks and early borrowed by Hitler from Stalin. For several days the fugitive King Haakon and his suite moved from one town to another, only to be mysteriously yet almost instantly discovered by the Nazi invaders. No sooner did the King establish his headquarters at one place than it was subjected to ruthless bombing by air raiders.

Without the advance parachute troops and the sabotage units established by the " boring-from-within " process long before the invasion, Hitler could not have seized so many of the life lines of Norway in such a short time. To be sure, Hitler learned from Stalin's experience in Finland, which the Communazi military staffs first used as a testing ground for the technique of conquest with the aid of parachute troops. Field Marshal Mannerheim, in his last message to the Finnish army, told his brave soldiers, " We have surrendered to an enemy fifty times our size, armed with the latest and hitherto unknown technique." Included in this " hitherto unknown technique " was the practice of sending hundreds of trained wreckers floating down behind the Finnish lines to do their dirty work for Stalin.

In the United States Stalin also has his " parachute troops " who are waiting for the day when they will be called upon to do his bidding. I do not refer to the misguided dupes who accept the fairy stories served up by the Stalinist propagandists in this country. Nor do I mean the petty agitators and scribblers who derive a livelihood from the amply supplied Communist treasury.

When I say " parachute troops " I speak of the hundreds of Stalin *soldiers* trained and experienced in the grim business of carrying on sabotage in an enemy's rear. I speak of determined men who have received instruction in the preparation and use of explosives for military purposes. These Stalin " parachute troops " in the United States know how to dynamite bridges, derail trains, blow up munitions plants, and seize every opportunity to disrupt the functioning of the American military machine when Stalin chooses to give the order.

I know this because I was one of these " parachute " troops in Stalin's élite guard in the United States. I was selected with a number of others to receive instruction in " special work " by the powerful Stalinist lieutenants who serve as the Russian dictator's direct intermediaries in equipping picked Communists for military service outside of Russia.

Even before the Nazi-Soviet Pact, Russian military leaders were avid pupils of German military theoreticians. In the libraries of Russian military schools the works of General Erich von Ludendorff have been very popular. The Russians have accepted his entire teachings on the so-called " total war " of the future. Total war means a readiness to conduct war against the civilian population of the enemy. When the time comes, " bombing squadrons," writes Ludendorff, " must inexorably and without pity be sent against " the unprotected civilian foe. But, more than that, preparations must be made in advance to undermine the enemy from *within.* Men who can destroy munitions depots, dynamite railroads, and sow terror and confusion among the population by a series of outrages mysteriously perpetrated are to be strategically planted in the rear of a possible enemy *even before hostilities begin.* The Russians studied Ludendorff's lesson and learned it well. They are now putting it into practice in the United States as well as in other possible enemy countries. The totalitarian Powers have a long-term plan. They know that in the future American might may stand in the path of their policy of conquest. When that time comes they want to be ready to inflict sudden and effective damage within the country. They have plotted their course accordingly.

MOST Americans feel safe and secure when they contemplate the two great oceans that separate the United States from European war and Asiatic turmoil. They know that it is still not practicable for any European Power to send squadrons of bombers across three thousand miles of water to bomb American cities. Sympathizing with the Finns when they read that scores of Red army transport planes dropped hundreds of skilled wreckers behind the Finnish lines, they are nevertheless sure that, come what may, Stalin will never be able to send his deadly parachute troops floating down on American soil. But they are wrong. Of course these wreckers will not drop from the skies armed with Tokaryev or Dikterev submachine guns. They will come, unseen and unsuspected, out of a hundred nooks and crannies in our towns and cities. They will look, act, and dress like ordinary American civilians seemingly intent upon their personal affairs. But they will be trained to pursue missions of violence on the American home front as efficiently and quickly as careful training and experience could make them.

How were these " parachute troops " in the United States trained? Where did they receive their experience?

Everybody knows that the Communists recruited many Americans to fight in Spain during the civil war. But it is not generally known that, all in all, about *five thousand* left the United States to battle for Stalin's purposes in Spain. Most of these five thousand men were not Communists; they believed they were fighting for democracy. Nevertheless, it was the Communist International who supervised their selection and who was their real master during their stay in Spain.

BUT the Communist International was not interested in Spanish democracy. It was interested in establishing a Red army whose members would later serve as Stalin's soldiers in the countries of their origin. They recognized that not all the volunteers were fit material for their designs. But from the mass they selected several hundred for special training in the fine art of " fighting behind the enemies' lines."

At the Soviet Embassy in Valencia a secret department was created to carry on the work of recruiting and training these saboteurs. The former Chekist chief Wise, who had changed his name to Belayev in Spain, was placed in charge of this department.

As his American lieutenant Belayev appointed a well known American Communist who had come to Spain to do his bit for Stalin. With the assistance of several political commissars, this comrade chose a number of candidates for the saboteur group from the ranks of the Americans in the Lincoln Brigade. The recruits had to meet two essential requirements. First, their loyalty to Stalin must have been demonstrated beyond a shadow of a doubt. Second, the recruit must have shown his physical and military fitness for the role of wrecker. The job of singlehandedly blowing up a bridge or a loaded train cannot be entrusted to excitable or physically unqualified comrades, no matter what their enthusiasm might be.

I was one of those selected for special training. Along with fourteen others in my " class," I was taken to a villa in the outskirts of Valencia and turned over to the " professors," who were for the most part Red army officers.

The most important subject taught at the university of sabotage, as I privately called it, was the use of explosives. This was taught us by an officer of the Engineers Corps of the Russian Red army. In great detail he would outline the day's problem, whether it included the destruction of a ship docked at the pier or the blowing up of a railroad trestle. First he would consider the mathematics of the explosive force of a given quantity of dynamite—for the efficient destroyer must use no more and no less explosive than is necessary to achieve his objective. Then he would illustrate how the charge should be fastened and ignited. Other instructors dealt with the use of certain firearms and the disruption of technical services—electric power, telephone and telegraph, etc. We were also taught the knack of eluding guards and submitting to questioning in case of arrest. The basic principle inculcated was that under no condition were we to give away the names of our sabotaging colleagues if we were apprehended.

Some of the students were given actual " field tryouts," and a small group of Americans carried out several raids on the Badajoz-Seville Railroad to demonstrate that they had learned their lessons well and were ready for graduation. During 1937 and into the summer of 1938 hundreds of hand-picked volunteers went through this intensive course. Young and energetic—most of them were between twenty and thirty years of age —they made apt and willing pupils who regarded the Spanish War as a mere rehearsal for the more important work ahead.

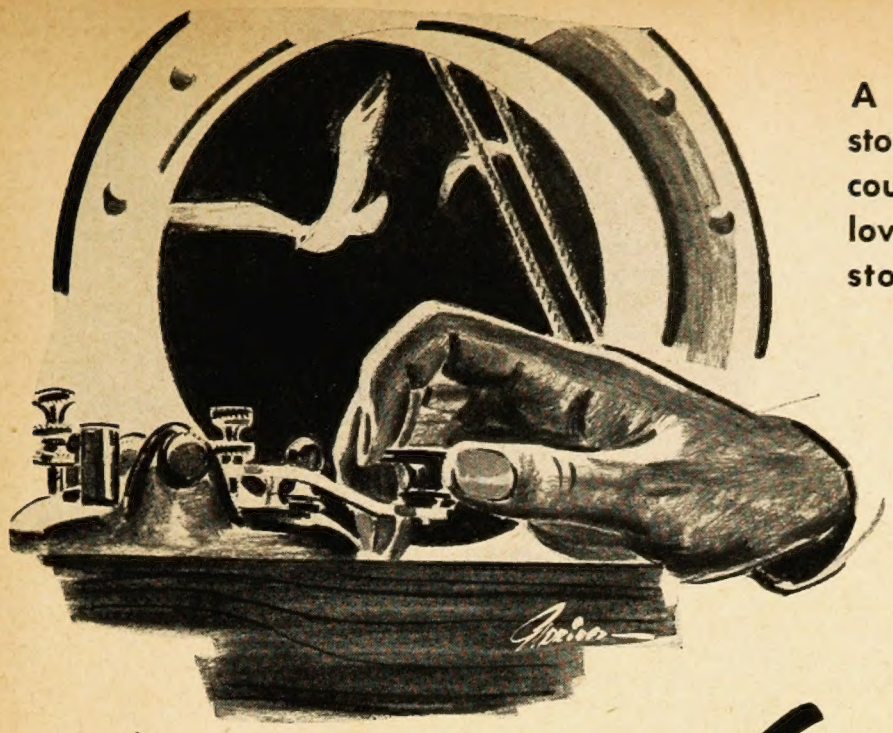
The American lieutenant honored us with a short speech of instruction on our " graduation." Repeating what Belayev, his chief, had said in welcoming us, he stated:

" The time has come when ordinary political activity, such as election campaigns, union work, and so forth, is not enough for an active Communist. The center of gravity of Communist work is shifting from simple propaganda to action. The Soviet Union and its Red army will soon take an active role in world affairs. When the Red army swings into action, it will require its supporters in the enemy countries to co-operate with it. You who have studied this course are the vanguard of our heroic Red army. We are certain that you will carry out well the work assigned to you. When the Red army comes to liberate the masses of your country, we will find you blasting out a path for us."

AT the conclusion of the Spanish War these trained and Stalin-devoted saboteurs returned to their respective countries. Hundreds have come back to the United States. While many of the returning Lincoln Brigade veterans found themselves destitute and forgotten because they no longer served Stalin's purposes, these " specialists " were well taken care of in preparation for work in the future. Stalin and Hitler together now claim they are fighting " capitalism." They have joined hands in a program of international pillage. In the United States they have laid the groundwork for a functioning military force to " blast a path " for them.

Stalin's parachute army waits in America for *der Tag.* It will not have to drop from the skies, for it is already here, sinister and ready to go about its work of destruction when Stalin's and Hitler's plans point westward across the ocean.

THE END



A tensely dramatic story of terror and courage at sea, and love's way with two storm-filled hearts

ILLUSTRATOR
H. E. ELDRIDGE

The Perfect Fist

BY JACLAND MARMUR

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

I HEAR all kinds of stuff on my job. Mostly it's pretty dull. Mostly it wouldn't interest any one except law students or social workers or maybe local philosophers—queer people like that. Not me. When you've been court stenographer for over twenty years you don't even listen any more. You just hear a lot of voices buzzing. It all just funnels neatly through your system and out your fingertips. Automatically.

But once in a while, in the middle of the welter of objections and irrelevants, a whole complicated case will get suddenly clear as a bell to you. Maybe that's because you don't pay attention with your ears, but with your subconscious brain. That way you miss lots of legal snarls. But you get hold of people because you catch what they don't say. Lots of times that's important. And that's how it was this time Judge Hiram Cutler of the Superior Bench of the State of California in and for the County of Marin was sitting in a contested petition for admission to probate of a certain will and testament.

From a lawyer's point of view, it was a very simple case. Did the party in question leave a valid instrument or was he intestate? Now that's pretty old stuff. All kinds of greeds and spites come wriggling out of people at times like that. I know them all, so I wasn't interested. Till those people came in and something mighty strange happened to Judge Hiram Cutler's court.

At first I thought it was the weather. There was a heavy droning of bees outside the screened windows. The huge weeping willow tree in the corner of the square drooped in breathless heat. But inside the courtroom I had a funny illusion of coolness. As if a damp fresh breeze from some wide place had got in there by mistake. And all the time I was doing my funny job, making hieroglyphic marks on paper, strange distant names began to impinge on a fellow's brain. The Southwestern Islands, Luzon Strait, and Manila Bay.

Those people weren't the sort you usually saw in a court. There was a big square-shouldered man with a heavy face, brown as tobacco. He seemed to be afraid a table might leap up at him if he didn't dodge with a rolling gait when he passed it by on his way to the stand. And another man, lean, gray-haired, with steel eyes that bored through every one from deep sockets puckering at the corners while he sat with his big hands on his knees. They looked awkward, because they didn't belong in there.

And then, all of a sudden, I remembered. The time came rushing back to me in a flood. Before Dora and I got married. Before the kids came and I had to settle down. This was the sea! This was the sea come roaring into Judge Cutler's court! No wonder those drab walls melted away and let the open spaces of the earth come pouring in. Till, out of the whole mess of legal procedure, it all stood out, very clear and very plain.

It's about Mrs. Mortimer Dollard's only son, the fellow his friends call Happy Jim. She's the contestant in the case. She's the haughty white-haired woman sitting straight as a ramrod at her counsel's table, worrying the black ribbon of her reading glasses. She's one of the old aristocratic Marin County families. She never looks across to the other table where the girl sits so quietly with her head bent down.

The girl's name is Helen and she's Mrs. Mortimer Dollard's daughter-in-law. Happy Jim's wife. She's the petitioner in the case. You can see honey-colored hair just touching the nape of her neck. She's got a lovely figure, and even with her face half averted, you can tell she's young and beautiful. The young fellow next to

her touches her awkwardly for her comfort. He's black-haired, solid, and strong, with lean hands and a sharp eye. That's Harry Pendleton, chief wireless man of the ship Ripora in the San Francisco-Orient trade. Then there's those others, weather-dipped square-faced men with the searching look of far horizons on them: The master of the Ripora, the captain of the Palawan, two chief mates, and some junior radio men from Pacific-running blue-water ships.

They brought the sea into Hiram Cutler's court. I could hear it snarling again. I could hear it booming in a black night thick with rain and wind. And undertoning all of it there's the twist and surge of two young men and a girl caught up in a thing they couldn't help. Trying to keep it honest, trying to make good. Mostly it was hidden away under questions, answers, legal address to the Court. But it peeped out pretty plain to a man who wanted to see it. It was this way—the part that mattered—the human part:

WHEN the cabin-class passenger steamer Ripora sailed from Frisco that voyage on her regular run to Japan ports and the Philippines, Helen was on board. But Harry Pendleton, chief wireless man, didn't know it. It was his watch, and when the ship put Mile Rock Light astern he cleared the coastal stations, KPH and KFS, on low power. Then he made the entry in his log, flipped the receiver from headphones to loudspeaker, and leaned back in his swivel chair. It wasn't music he listened to but the busy commercial traffic of the air pouring into the instrument-filled room in a continuous jumble of apparently meaningless sound.

Harry sorted it out unconsciously, the way an experienced key monkey will, no matter what else he's thinking about! The clop of a steam schooner bouncing north of Potato Patch; the high thin whistle of KFS, chopping his signals neat; a harmonic from KPH with his deep-tongued tube slapping out without pause a string of six to the crack liner Lurline, homeward bound and better than a thousand miles away. That was probably Johnny Durango at the key, the way the code had a swinging rush. You could tell things about a man by the way he pushed his stuff. Just like a human voice to the men who knew. It had identity, personality.

Take Happy Jim Dollard for instance. His stuff unrolled like it came off tape. Each signal clean and distinct. He had what operators call a natural fist. It was perfect. Except that the dash in his *r*'s hung on a little too long. Like a Scotsman's burr, you might almost say. You could identify Jim Dollard's fist through the crude smash of half a dozen Jap tramps.

Thinking of Happy Jim made Harry sigh, because it made him think of Helen, too. So he thought he was dreaming when he heard that low rich voice.

"You'll be pounding brass the rest of your life, you lug!" it said behind his back.

That was a private password between those friends, Happy Jim and Helen and Harry, to be used whenever you wanted to make believe you were very gay. Harry spun swiftly in his chair and stood up, startled. "Helen!"

She was smiling wistfully at him from the door. And a bar of shadow crossed and recrossed her honey-colored hair. "In person," she said quickly while they looked into each other's eyes. "I'm going to Manila."

"To join Jim?"

She nodded. "The Palawan is in the island feeder service. She's in Manila every month for several days. I can help him better there. So I'm going."

"You could have let me know instead of—"

"I didn't know myself till late last night." She hesitated, then added dully: "Jim's mother paid me a call."

"Oh." Harry's lips tightened. "Again?"

"She doesn't think I'm good for Jim. She thinks we never should have got married. She—"

"Sure! I know!" Pendleton cut in savagely. "But she's wrong! Jim's my friend. I know him. He was born with his mother's silver spoon in his mouth and it almost choked him. He never had any training batting against the world. But he wants to stand on his own. He will, too! But a fellah like that needs help. He needs some one. Some one like you!" The words stumbled there, but his voice was fierce. "Why don't she leave you two alone? Ain't she done enough damage already? She wanted to make a banker out of him and he wants to be a radio engineer. He goes down to Cal Tech, and when he tells her he's in love with you she cuts him off without a cent! He's got to quit and go to sea. Finest thing ever happened to him. That—and knowing you. You stand by. Well, but a fellah ought to know you would. So he's going to sea now and you're working ashore. It won't be so long. You'll have enough dough. And, what's more, it'll be your own! He can finish and get his degree. Then you watch Jim go places, Helen! He'll leave me so far behind it—" He broke off, bringing his clenched fist up. "I'll bet it was Mrs. Mortimer Dollard used her influence with Radiomarine to have him transferred off the Lurline and sent out to the island in the Palawan. I bet—"

"That's right, Harry. It was."

HIS hand fell to his side again, and the tautness of his lips was plainer than ever. "Come in and sit down. I'll get a boy to bring some coffee up."

"No, Harry." She shook her head. "I just want to tell you something."

"You sound a little grim. Jim served his juniorship under me. He's my best friend—and so are you."

"Thanks, Harry." Helen looked

Watching Harry work, Helen felt suddenly alone. Starkly alone. Those two could talk.

away across a sea that was beginning to tumble white. Then she went on hurriedly: "I know you think Jim's mother's brutal. But, by her own lights, maybe she's right. All she's got in the world is her social position, her family name, her wealth—and her son. I don't fit in. So she fights with what weapons she's got.

"I was nursing at Ross Hospital when I first met Jim. Such a big happy-go-lucky kid. Oh, we had loads of fun. Him telling me all his hopes, and me pretty lonely for a man like that. He looked pretty proud, Harry, when he came and told me his mother was going to cut him off and he'd have to quit the university and go to work. When I asked him why in the world! he just laughed and said, 'Mother thinks you're just a pretty nurse angling to marry money. So we better show her she's wrong. You just name the day!' That was three years ago, before we met you. Isn't it funny, Harry, how things get all snarled up?"

"You don't have to tell me all that stuff!" Harry Pendleton growled.

"Of course not." She still wouldn't look at him. "But I am. You know how happy he's been. I'm glad about that. And last night Mrs. Dollard came to see me again, saying quite frankly it was she who managed the change in his ship. She thought if we were separated for a while her son would come back to her, finish his university training, and assume the position he ought to have in life. Maybe he would. But Jim would never get over a hurt like that. It would leave him with a hollow place. So I asked her why she thought she could pull people's lives around like that. She smiled shrewdly. She said she was certain that's how it would be. Be-

cause that Harry Pendleton person was already in love with me, and—"

"What! She said that! Me in love with you? With my best friend's wife? She's crazy as a loon! It's a lie."

"Of course it is, Harry. That's what I told her. She told me not to be foolish. Because I was deeply in love with you myself."

"You in love with a lug like me?" Pendleton uttered a short, quick, husky laugh. "That certainly is a joke!"

"Of course it is, Harry." Helen said that with quiet firmness, turning her face from the sea to look at him at last. "That's what I told her. And that's why I decided to take the first Manila-bound ship. I'll take up my nursing close to Jim and we'll keep on fighting out our fight. That's what I wanted to tell you, Harry. You've got a right to know."

"Sure, Helen. You can't let a fellah like Jim down."

She started to say something but didn't. Her lips trembled for an instant. Then she turned abruptly and left him. He remained standing in the doorway of the radio room, watching her.

THEY saw each other regularly after that. Why shouldn't they, on the same ship and being such good friends? They tried hard to be gay. But in Yoko Harry told her with studied casualness he was sorry he couldn't take her in a ricksha to see the sights because he had a girl uptown. Helen laughed—a little too loud. "Of course!" she said brightly, wagging her finger under his nose in a very sly and knowing way. "I'll manage." But she saw a dark figure very much like his on the boat deck not an hour afterward, smoking his pipe, with his head in the stars.

Then the ship ran down the Southwestern Islands for the Luzon Strait and the China Sea in the middle of the month of September. There the ocean started lumping up in big rolling mounds of blue shot with fiery green. The Ripora kept shouldering great heaving swells aside, shaking petticoats of foam around her as she went. She was restless, too, swinging and arcing, sending her funnel smoke flatly astern in a breathless atmosphere with funny little cirrus clouds stringing across a greasy westering sun.

Helen didn't know what that might mean, but Harry Pendleton could guess, that afternoon when she came in. He had his chair wedged between the receiving desk and the instrument panel at his back, grinning suddenly at something he heard in the headphones pushed forward on his temples. "That's him!" he said. "Listen." He changed over to the loud-speaker and started tuning carefully. "You bet that's him. Calling Hongkong and Manila. That's Happy Jim!"

Helen frowned, listening. There was a heavy roar of crackling storm static. But in the middle of it a thin

fluting sound persisted. It meant nothing at all to her. How odd, she thought. There was Jim, out in empty distance. Talking. And she couldn't understand. Harry Pendleton could, though. "Listen to that stuff!" he was saying. "It's perfect, that's all. It reads like tape. Except them tricky r's of his. There he goes now, signing. KSOP. The Palawan. That's Jim, all right. . . . Want me to send him a word from you, Helen?"

"No, Harry. Don't tell him I'm aboard. We'll make it a surprise."

"Right! We'll just walk aboard his crumby tub and we'll say: 'Here we are, you lug! Let's all go have some fun down at the Poodle Dog.' Wait a minute. He—"

Helen heard the whistle in the speaker bell again. Harry stiffened, suddenly tense and alert. Then abruptly he slapped a receiving blank through his typewriter roll.

"Harry! What's the matter?"

"Nothing!" He was steadily tapping out what he heard. "You better go away. I'll be busy for quite a while."

Helen looked at him sharply. There was that sudden tautness on him. "Harry! What's wrong?"

"Nothing, I said!" His voice was harsh. "Go away! You shouldn't be here anyhow."

But she didn't. She moved closer. The code came crackling steadily into the room. Helen found she had to catch hold of the desk for balance against a sudden dive of the ship. There was wind outside too, a low whimpering. Then the loud swift slash of a rain squall. And, looking over Harry's shoulder, her eyes went wide as the message grew:

"QST All ships and stations copy SS Palawan Hongkong for Manila Approx Lat 18:40 N Long 120:52 E Have southeasterly gales with squalls hurricane force Dangerous list Vessels in vicinity asked stand by Acknowledge Master Palawan."

THERE it was. Staring at her. That's what Harry plucked from outer air.

Harry was pressing a signal bridge buzzer with one hand while the other threw his generator switch, starting its crescendoing whine as the rheostat steps tripped out.

"Harry, what does it mean?"

"Means what it says!" The quartermaster fought the door open. He was in oilskins, dripping.

"This is urgent, Joe. Don't stop for coffee on the way!"

The quartermaster grinned and nodded, looking slyly at Helen before he went out, head bent against the making gale. Harry stood up. "I told you to go away!" he said savagely.

She just looked at him. The strain and sudden anguish came rushing swiftly up between them. All the things they thought and couldn't say. All the things they felt and had stubbornly to resist. Her voice was very low. "I can't go. You know I can't."

"Yes. Sorry. I didn't mean—"

"What do we do?"

"We stand by."

He said that grimly, and he was right. When the iron whirlwind shows his sign in the sky, there is nothing else to do. The bridge sent back acknowledgment: the Old Man had plotted out that spot upon the ocean waste. The Ripora started throbbing more violently underfoot with her increased speed, smashing into the great gray hills of storm.

Watching Harry work, Helen felt suddenly alone. Starkly alone. Those two could talk. They had a language and an idiom peculiar and precise. She alone was outside the pale. She had no way of reaching out and touching Happy Jim who sat by himself in a lonely wireless shack somewhere where the typhoon howled its loudest.

"Harry! Write it. Everything he says. I can be with him that way. I can know. And I've got to. Don't you see I've got to?"

HE turned his head to look at her. The incessant chatter of code was different now. Even Helen could sense that much. It was losing its strength. It was fading slowly to silence. First a deep-toned ICW gurgle stopped. Then a fluting whistle silenced itself abruptly in the middle of a word, as if at some violent command.

One sound persisted, one clear and steady note, dominating the air, filling the Ripora's radio room. Looking at her, Harry knew what it was he saw. So he slipped a new sheet into his machine, looking away now. Then his thin fingers started tapping at the typewriter keys.

"SOS SOS KSOP KSOP Steering engine damaged Taking water badly List increased Repeating position Approx Lat 18:40 N Long 120:52 E Need assistance urgently Master Palawan."

That was the official message of distress, terse and compact. Helen saw it unroll. And through the hours that followed she was there in a place blue with tobacco smoke while words tapped themselves out and the wireless log of the Ripora was made before her eyes. The jumble of incessant chatter out of the loud-speaker ceased. The silence was broken only by crashes of static, except when short, clipped code lashed out. One solitary note in absolute command of the air. Then terse answer. And silence.

In a hundred ships for a thousand miles around, the lonely men who have communication at their fingertips were hunched across their desks under swinging green-shaded lamps. And Harry tapped out what was said, while Helen, white-faced, with her small fists bloodless in her lap, watched the words take shape.

A P. & O. coaster, the NanShan, made report. "Proceeding all possible speed. Expect arrive your position 6 P M."

"She's closest," Harry breathed between set lips. "Get there hours ahead of us."

Then he began tapping out Happy Jim's laconic reply. "Six P M not soon enough. We've had an awful beating. Typhoon recurved unexpectedly. Passed directly over us. Rice cargo shifted. Vessel in dangerous list. All hands below trimming cargo. We have a sea anchor out. It helps a little but not much. We still wallow in the trough. Can't keep steam much longer. Tune for me next time. Will be using emergency. K."

The NanShan acknowledged. Harry's junior came in, a thin red-faced lad with an anxious stare. Braced against the bulkhead, he stared into space, reading the back kick of Harry's key relay and what came in from that place where the Palawan was. There came her signal again. On emergency batteries now, by the sound of it.

"Preparing to abandon," Harry tapped out. "The boats are smashed. Except one. It's to windward and can't be launched. We have a life raft to lash men to. Then we'll let her slide off. Fine biz. The Old Man is a sailor."

"Please check and repeat your position," the NanShan rapped out smartly. "Important no time lost in search. Otherwise raft founders."

"Stop cracking jokes," said Happy Jim. "Position is dead reckoning. No observation three days. Have you radio compass?"

"Yes."

"Who else? K."

An oil tanker replied. So did Harry Pendleton. And Happy Jim very calmly told them what to do. "Take bearings my signals. Don't rush. Get it right. Wait a minute. Mate pestering me."

SILENCE. Harry's junior was already tearing out of the door on his way to the bridge where the Ripora's radio compass was. Taking cross bearings, those three ships could establish perfectly the position of the foundering Palawan. The silence continued for long moments. Helen's eyes were beginning to blur. Harry just sat there in frozen fascination. If that thin fluting didn't start again, it meant . . . No. There it was! Sweet and clear as ever. Harry tapped it out and Helen read it.

"Sorry. Blasted mate wouldn't leave me alone. Started fighting me to leave. Had to smash him and have lowered him to the raft by a rope's end. It is launched now. I am alone. It is dark here. My oil lamp just washed out and I can't find my electric torch. No time. Are you getting me all right? Hurry. K."

Helen leaped to her feet. "Oh, God!" The words were torn from her. She barely heard the three ships acknowledge. Short, terse: "R. K." That's all. Because they understood the air belonged to Happy Jim and that he had every right to it. Harry Pendleton's eyes were set in a fixed stare at the speaker bell as his thin fingers reached slowly for his typewriter keys again. And Helen, looking down, saw the words come tapping out one by one, letter by letter:

"Here's KSOP KSOP. The raft is swallowed in blackness but it floats. I think it will do if you get here soon enough. So get a sharp bearing. And don't break in. I haven't got much time. List is much steeper. It is hard to brace myself here at the key. Seas are breaking clean over the ship now, green and roaring. I don't mind. I have seen nothing like it in my life. It's a wild and terrible beauty. Man's got no right to see it more than once. Like loving a girl like Helen. Copy this, Harry, and tell her that for me. Maybe she won't feel so bad. . . . Tune, you lugs, for a sharp bearing! There's twenty-one men and a real skipper lashed to a raft waiting for you. Break in if you're not getting me. Otherwise QRT. . . . Sorry about hitting the mate. No other way. He thought my job was done. I know different. Not till we got this hooker's position spotted accurately, and this is the only way."

The code came in clean and precise. It didn't stumble or falter. And three men in three ships split the bearing of it to a hairline on the compass cards while a hundred others heard what Happy Jim sent out with his skillful fist that would have been perfect if it weren't for the characteristic slur of the *r*'s.

"Listen, Harry. This is for you. You take care of Helen. Understand? If you don't I'll haunt you. She—"

Harry couldn't stand it any more. He smashed his hand on the key, breaking in. "Helen's here!" he rapped out. "She sends all her love. She's on her way to Manila to join you and—"

"I know it, Harry. Mother wrote and told me. Had a letter in Hongkong by the Clipper. She said—"

"She wrote him!" Helen gasped. "Now he knows!"

Harry pressed down his key, breaking in again. "Jim, you've got to get this straight. There was never anything—"

HAPPY JIM smashed into that at once. "I told you not to break in! QRT! Mother had lots of funny ideas that weren't any good for me. . . . Ship's laying down like a wooden log now. Just took a tremendous sea. The deck is gutted. All ships please copy the following and log it: There's a safe-deposit box in my name in the Crocker Bank in Frisco. Personal heirlooms in it and some crazy drawings of mine. I was working on an idea for a scanning-tube television circuit. I, James Dollard, leave it all to my wife, Helen. All my personal possessions. This is my will and testament and I sign it. You see to it it's filed, Harry. It's the only way I have of telling Helen how square she was with me, how happy she made me. . . . Have you got a good bearing? You better have, you hams. Ship is on her beam ends. The seas are clean across and . . . Harry, you'll be pounding brass the rest of your life, you lug! Best 73s. I can only—"

The sound of code broke off abruptly. Harry's typewriter ceased its tapping. His fingers remained poised for an instant; then dropped. There was violent stillness in the Ripora's radio room. Harry reached for his key and sent out acknowledgment. Slowly and with deliberation. To a man who could no longer hear or understand. "R," he sent. "Received O. K. And, 73s."

There was no answer. For a single moment the silence was intense at the mouth of the speaker bell. Then from a hundred ships a single dot came on the air. That way they made their terse acknowledgment. That way they gave their tribute in the tradition of their craft. And then there was silence on the air. . . .

That's about the way it was. The cross bearings spotted the Palawan's position perfectly. Her skipper's dead reckoning was almost fifty miles out of the way, she made that much drift while the typhoon howled. The difference between life and death for twenty-one men and a master when the NanShan picked them up. Because Happy Jim made himself hostage to their safety and played his game to the end. He was the only one who was lost.

JACLAND MARMUR

born in Poland in 1901, was brought to America when he was two He went to sea before he was eighteen and wrote short stories and two books while he was a seaman. Seven years ago he settled in California and now devotes all his time to writing.

That's why they all came into Hiram Cutler's court, those sun-cracked men of the sea. To certify the logbooks and give some human meaning to the ocean's thunder and roar. Because Helen wanted Happy Jim's will admitted to probate to give form and substance to the fineness of the thing he did. And haughty, proud Mrs. Mortimer Dollard didn't. She was that fiercely possessive, her son had to be hers alone!

Her counsel was arguing a point of law before Judge Cutler now. This was all very interesting, he said dryly. But all highly irrelevant. A soldier on the battlefield or a seafaring man at sea in imminent danger of death could leave a valid legal instrument by word of mouth alone. That was the law, all right. But Happy Jim's testament wasn't by word of mouth. There was no admissible proof he himself—and no one else—had said it. That was the only solid point at stake. He hammered that home, the way a good lawyer can. It could have no legal standing then. Therefore he died intestate. No matter what the logbooks said.

That all came out of my fingertips automatically, and I knew he was probably right in a strictly legalistic sense. Judge Cutler knew it too. By the way he coughed, I sensed the jig was up. That's when it suddenly dawned on me. Like a flash! So when Helen's lawyer stood up to answer, I did what should really have cost me my job. I motioned to him, and when he came close to where I sat I told him what I thought. He stopped short, spun excitedly around toward Harry, whispered to him. Then he came back and addressed the court.

Happy Jim had a perfect fist. Except for a characteristic slurring of the coded *r*. Every experienced operator who heard it knew at once who was at the key. It couldn't be imitated or forged. Four qualified wireless men testified to that. It *couldn't* be any one but Happy Jim. It was as good as a man's handwriting; as good as his signature; as good as a holograph! And a will written entirely in a man's own hand was legal and valid. He hammered that home too. And the Court upheld.

SO it was over. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Mrs. Mortimer Dollard stand up quickly. Her lawyer began mumbling about motions for appeal, but she cut him short. I thought she was very angry. But I was wrong. She went straight to where Helen stood, with Harry Pendleton at her side. And she did something that must have cost her a lot.

"I'm sorry, my dear." She said it loudly, so every one could hear. "I didn't understand. You were fine to my son and I didn't realize it. I want you to understand that I know it now."

Then she went rustling out of the courtroom with a funny brightness in her eyes. Helen looked after her, her hair aglow in a pool of autumn sun. Harry Pendleton touched her, letting his hand rest quietly on her arm. "Happy Jim knew I always loved you, Helen. That's what he meant to say."

Her lips trembled. She wasn't looking at him at all. "He had more courage than any of us, Harry. I guess he knew I love you too."

Helen's lawyer was gathering his stuff into a dispatch case, looking slyly across at me. "You won me a case, George. I owe you a drink." He grinned. "How does an old fogey like you know about this silly stuff?"

Silly stuff? Well, what's the use telling him! I used to pound brass myself before Dora and I got married. Before the kids came and I had to settle down. That was in the old days; the days of the quenched gap and the rough-throated rotary spark. But the men who handle the keys are very much the same. Because I heard Harry Pendleton's voice just then.

"I'll stand by, Helen," he told her. "I'll be standing by till you say the time is right."

Then all those seamen went away to the place where they belonged. The sound and rumor of the ocean disappeared. It was just a stuffy old courtroom again. And the weather was very hot. But Happy Jim left something there. He left something more than a legal precedent. He left tradition of a different sort. It will be good to remember him.

THE END

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

The C.

BY WALTER KARIG

NEXT to peace in the world the American people most want peace in organized labor. But peace in Europe, unlikely as it is, seems about ten times more probable than peace between the A. F. L. and the C. I. O.

Along with the reported plans of the C. I. O. for organizing the aviation industry, a new cause for combat between the two has arisen, and is beginning to cause as big a ruckus as any thus far. Intentionally or not, the government is helping the C. I. O. in this new dispute, which is going to affect the average citizen more than did the 1937 labor disturbances in the automobile industry.

The fight is being waged over the C. I. O.'s attempt to organize the building trades into one big union—the first attempt by the John L. Lewis organization to enter an industry organized from top to bottom by the A. F. L.'s system of craft unions. Thus far the strife is localized in Washington and Philadelphia. It will be nation-wide by the end of the year, come what may.

Plenty of sustaining publicity for the C. I. O. invasion has been provided by the Temporary National Economic—or "Anti-Monopoly"—Committee and the Department of Justice, both of which federal agencies have widely advertised their findings that the high cost of labor and the conniving of labor leaders with contractors and supply dealers are responsible for exorbitant costs of small homes and, consequently, the slump in building and in decent housing for families of average means.

Federal indictments against a number of A. F. L. building-trades union leaders have enabled the C. I. O. to assume an air of pious virtue in offering greatly reduced wage scales, guaranties against jurisdictional disputes, and no strikes on uncompleted jobs. That is its appeal to the contractor and consumer, but of course those benefits are dependent upon the home builder employing only C. I. O. workmen. To labor, the Lewis Construction Workers Organization Committee offers a union with no initiation fees, top dues of $1.50 a month, and freedom for the member to work anywhere in the United States without extra fees.

With warm weather bringing a resumption of home building, the C. I. O. began to move into direct competition with the A. F. L.—and, while the two fight, how many, many persons will contemplate a hole in the ground where they hoped to see a new house! Hitherto the C. I. O.'s efforts in the main have been to organize the mass-production industries where the caste system of the A. F. L.'s craft unions could not function. If C. I. O. succeeds in this new endeavor, the elder labor organization will suffer its first serious setback in the contest which so far seems to have profited both and hurt only the employers and the consumers.

It is not only the home-*building* industry that stands in the line of fire but home *maintenance*, and so this fight directly affects the interests of everybody who lives in a house or even in a trailer. With both A. F. L. and C. I. O. union plumbers and electricians and paper hangers competing in a community, the homeowner in need of repairs will have to watch his step before—and after—hiring anybody to do the job. Philadelphia is beginning to appreciate that now, with pickets of the opposing unions parading before each other's jobs.

From its beginnings the A. F. L. has been an association of autonomous *crafts* unions. Its structure can be likened to a democracy like that of the United States of America, each union being independent but federated with the others in a national body, with the executive council functioning, roughly, like Congress. The C. I. O. is conducted more along the dictator principle, dominated by John L. Lewis, with the "one big union" idea dominant. C. I. O. organization is not by occupations but by industries.

The two systems are not incompatible and frequently work amicably together. Until this new war impended, reasonable grounds for peaceful co-operation between the two labor fraternities were more substantial than causes for conflict. But for a mutual bullheadedness, their feud could have been settled long ago.

Now, with the invasion of the strictly crafts field by C. I. O., all hope for peace is gone.

It is estimated that there are about 3,000,000 persons engaged in construction work in the United States. Some 800,000 of them are members of the score of A. F. L. building-trades unions. The Federation's inclination has been to keep the membership limited, but the wage scales high. Being a seasonal occupation, the high daily wage rate becomes a rather low annual income, with $1,200 a year an optimistic average. Therein lies the A. F. L. argument for a twelve-dollar, eight-hour day. That looks big, the unions admit; but those earnings amount to only five dollars per day per five-day week, when computed on an annual basis.

Meanwhile, among the 2,200,000 nonunion construction workers, six dollars per working day is a generous average. That means an annual income of $600 or less.

Now comes John L. Lewis with the proposal for a nine-dollar day and promises to the employers that there

's New War

An arresting forecast of labor battle to come, and what it means to you if you live in a house

will be no strikes if only C. I. O. members are employed, while the workmen are lured with pledges of more money than they can get if they remain nonunion or even than loyalty to an A. F. L. union will earn.

So important does John L. Lewis believe his latest and perhaps major battle to be that he has put his brother, Alma D. ("Denny") Lewis, in charge of the Construction Workers Organizing Committee. Denny's headquarters are in the templelike United Mine Workers' Building on Fifteenth Street, Washington. There he chooses the Philadelphia area for the first battleground in the assault against the A. F. L. building-trades unions, and denies that his nine-dollars-a-day scale is wage-cutting.

"There is no such thing as exorbitant wages for workers," he asserts. "What we are doing is to raise the wages of the vast majority of the men in the construction industry from an actual four or six to nine dollars, and twelve dollars in the hazardous jobs.

"The A. F. L. says it has 800,000 members in its building-trades unions! They haven't got 500,000 who are actually workingmen. We are raising wages for the workers, and at the same time we are going to save money for the contractors and the owners. Look here! We offer a contract—we just signed one with the Construction Industry Employers, Inc., of Washington—that says 'there shall be no suspension of work' in the case of any dispute arising on the job. No ifs or ands. Pending the adjudication of any dispute, construction workers *shall* not cease work,' it says on page 3. And we guarantee no jurisdictional disputes, such as have tied up many a job under the A. F. L. Look what happened at the New York World's Fair.

"Section 4 of Article III in our standard contract says a man can be required to do work that is not his specialty. If it is work that normally pays a lower scale, of course he still gets paid the higher rate, and if the emergency job pays a higher rate than he normally earns, he gets the benefit of the difference. But there won't be any tie-ups because a high-priced electrician isn't allowed to walk a few steps to get something he needs from a wagon, or any walkouts because a stone mason is asked to lay bricks in a hurry call."

But if one reads over the standard U. C. W. O. C. wage agreement, it becomes apparent how the C. I. O. outfit plans to keep both its members and employers toeing the mark.

The employer pledges himself to hire only U. C. W. O. C. members. The closed shop is stipulated.

If "after reasonable notice" the U. C. W. O. C. is unable to "furnish a sufficient number of duly qualified workmen to meet the necessary requirements," then the employer may "secure from other sources such additional workmen as may be necessary"—*but* these must "and shall immediately" become members of the C. I. O. union.

The check-off is also stipulated in the contract. That is, the employer collects the union's money for it from the workman's envelope. (The check-off is what made the C. I. O. possible, financed from the treasury of the United Mine Workers, which also loaned huge sums to the Roosevelt campaign management.)

For the time being, at least, U. C. W. O. C. is charging no initiation fees. The $1.50 dues collected from a C. I. O. ironworker each month are $7.50 less than an A. F. L. craftsman pays. U. C. W. O. C. also promises to take no charges for transfer cards. The A. F. L. union assesses a fee up to five dollars a month if an idle New York journeyman, for instance, finds work in Newark, New Jersey.

The first impact of the C. I. O. threat made the A. F. L. a little panicky. Owing to the senior organization's democratic set-up, its unions run themselves. In Washington the building-trades locals met to figure offensive-defensive strategy. To a suggestion to reduce wage scales for work on private low-cost dwellings by recognizing "auxiliary" unions composed of craftsmen physically unable to work on big projects, two of the twenty-one unions demurred, and temporarily the A. F. L. presents no united front to its aggressive rival, although the carpenters cut their scale from twelve to nine dollars a day on small-home construction.

Meanwhile the C. I. O.'s U. C. W. O. C. is using all the influence it has to get nine dollars a day fixed as the prevailing wage scale on government construction; and if Secretary of Labor Frances ("Ma") Perkins complies, several results may be expected—one being the solid support of the A. F. L. for the Republican candidates in November's election.

THE END

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

NOT YOU, MY DEAR PUBLIC..

In accordance with its policy of giving both sides of a question, Liberty presents a hearty dissenter from the views expressed by Jimmie Fidler in You Can't Cram Stars Down the Public's Throat, which appeared in the issue for April 27, 1940.

MY FRIEND Jimmie the Fidler, the Nero of the Cinema, who fiddles while Hollywood burns, sounds a bit out of tune in that latest piece of pizzicato he pulled off for you Liberty readers in eleven minutes and ten seconds of your valuable reading time.

Mr. Fidler is a busy worker in the noun-and-adjective factory. As these parts come down the assembly line his job is to put them together as rapidly as possible and rush the completed units to the shipping room, where they go out as newspaper columns, radio speeches, and magazine articles. His not to ask the why or which or if so how come. I deeply sympathize, having been on the assembly line myself for many years before I was retired by popular request, while thousands cheered.

Says my friend Fidler: "You and you, *not* the producers, rule the roost in Hollywood. You make the stars." Well, that is a nice job of buttering, but he is spreading it too thick. The bread of truth underneath may not go down so smoothly, but it is nevertheless more substantial fare. You, my dear Joe Public, are only partly responsible for the success or failure of the Hollywood idol.

To begin with, a lot of expert selection and elimination has gone on before you get a chance to see the resultant candidates. Greta Garbo was a lady barber. Who discovered her, recognized her potentialities, taught her how to stand and walk and sit, showed her how to fix her hair and her eyebrows, trained her voice and her gestures? Not you, my dear public. You didn't see her until the biggest part of that job had been done, so you can hardly take all the credit for it, even if Mr. Fidler is anxious to give it to you.

Hollywood producers spend hundreds of thousands of dollars a year scouting for talent. The scouts are trained to discover and select promising material. When Miss Cotton Boll Weevil of 1940 or Miss Pecan Butter of the South has been given your vote of confidence, there are one or more talent scouts out front looking her over. Sometimes they bring her to Hollywood, sometimes they leave her languishing in her cabin in the cotton or sitting disconsolately under a pecan tree. Mr. Fidler may come back with the obvious rejoinder that it was you, the public, who selected the winner of such a contest. There was a committee of judges, and before that committee could come to a decision there was more skulduggery rampant than in a national political convention. In short, my dear public, you have as much to do with selecting a contest winner as you have with selecting a Presidential candidate. You have even less to do with all the other potential stars from which finally your favorites rise.

My friend Fidler retells, with appropriate pathos, the sinking of the good ship Anna Sten. A brave bark, as I recall, which you, dear public, torpedoed without warning. But he says nothing about such saucy craft as Hedy Lamarr and Marlene Dietrich. That's a different story. Two or three different stories, in fact.

First let's take Hedy Lamarr—and stop shoving. Hedy first started uplifting the drama in the foreign-made Ecstasy. Her acting ability in this consisted chiefly of taking off all her clothes, suggesting that the title of the picture, instead of Ecstasy, should have been The Great Profile. So successful was this acting triumph of Hedy's that she was brought over here at great expense and, with true Hollywood consistency, put into something where she had to wear a lot of clothes. We all agreed that what we could see was well worth while. But her emoting was nothing to keep Bette Davis awake nights. Did that cut down her mail? Did it reduce the number of pie-faced autograph hunters? It did not. Why? Because you, my dear public, decided to give the little girl a chance? Not at all. It was because she was getting one of the most elaborate publicity build-ups the industry has ever seen.

Now let's take Marlene Dietrich. Her first smash was Blue Angel, made in Germany and directed by von Sternberg. She was brought over and given a build-up slightly smaller than a World's Fair. She made one or two good pictures, but then von berg, who was directing her, g lusions of grandeur. The pictu bigger and badder, and you, dea lic, showed your good sense by ing away in droves. Yet this w same Marlene Dietrich that yo always liked. Why did you tu her? Surely something must happened to her that you had r trol over. The situation got s finally that one trade paper cam with a big ad ungallantly calling trich, among others, "poison a box office."

Time passed and Marlene pa right out with it. Then one day other studio took her over, ano director was put on the job, diffe writers, producers, and various te nical experts moved in and star remodeling this rococo edifice ca Dietrich into something you, de public, would feel more folksy abo Result: Marlene Dietrich, in Dest Rides Again, made an astonishing comeback with you, the public. No suggestion here that she was jammed down your throats. The fact is that the boys in the front office and the lads on the back lot remade an old star into a new one, and you, the people, were merely accessories after the fact.

It is true you pay the freight. You toss the brickbats and hand up the bouquets. You go to the theater or stay away, depending on how you feel about it. So, from that point of view, Jimmie is right. But when he goes on to infer that you know what you like, I think he is patting you on the back. You don't know what you like; you like what you know—which isn't much.

For example, one thing you don't know is the difference between acting and performance. Most of your idols can't act for sour apples, but they give grand performances, and who is responsible for that? More often than not, the director. A lot of fine actors and actresses can't get to first base with you, the public. Why? Because most of you don't know good acting when you see it. But—and this is the trick—you can't be fooled on performance. Let me illustrate. You, for example, are Joe Whoosis, truck driver. I slip up behind you and fire a gun right back of your ear. You will give a fine performance of having the living bewhoosis scared out of you. Now, if I had a camera cranking away in

Lamarr and Dietrich got great publicity buildups.

Who makes Hollywood stars?—An insider offers some views that may surprise you

BY J. P. McEVOY

front of your face, I would have twenty-five feet of fright that would make the best emoting of Paul Muni look like so much picnic ham. Figuratively and actually, that is what happens a lot out in Hollywood.

Remember the big scene in Stage Door that made Andrea Leeds a star? She was climbing up the stairs and hearing voices. You knew when she got to the top she was going to commit suicide. Her job was to register defeat, remorse, hopelessness, sorrow, despair, and anything else she could think of along those general lines. "Come on," said Gregory La Cava, the director. "Up you go!" He put the camera at the top of the stairs to register this big triumph of emotion. Andrea came up registering despair at every step. But the only one who really despaired was La Cava. "Go on back and come up again," he said. So this time she came up registering horror. Also grim determination. It was pretty grim, but La Cava the director was even more determined. "Go on back and come up again," he said, and he kept her going up and down those stairs all day. Long before lunchtime she was hysterical. By the middle of the afternoon she didn't care what happened to anybody, but she hoped it would be very violent. "Come on," said La Cava. "You're coming up to commit suicide."

"I'm coming up to kill you!" said Andrea. She screamed her way up the stairs, and finally, completely exhausted mentally, physically, emotionally, she plodded up once more. This time she had long since ceased to care about anything. She was a zombie. And that was the effect La Cava was trying to get, and that was the shot he printed, and that was the one you saw and you liked, my dear public, and you didn't have anything to do with its conception or the final result. That is what I mean by the difference between performance and acting.

Mack Sennett told me once about a great emotional scene which he had directed and which the public hailed as a masterpiece of interpretation and acting technique. He had a big lug cast as a business man. The lug was supposed to come into his office, sit down at his desk, open a letter, and learn that his partner had absconded with all the company's money and he was wiped out. Also that there was a very good chance he would go to jail.

How to get this big lug to project all this emotion was the problem. But Sennett solved it. Around the stage were half a dozen property men who also were big lugs and loved to wrestle. Our hero fancied himself as something of a grunt-and-groan expert, so before the scene was ready to shoot, Sennett enticed our hero into a wrestling match with the six property men. By the time he had thrown all six of them he was barely able to walk across the stage. "Go on; sit down and open your mail," said Sennett. The big lug wearily staggered over to the desk and collapsed. With trembling hands he opened the letter and looked at it. Completely exhausted as he was, he registered absolutely nothing. In short, the shock of the news was so great that he was completely knocked out, and showed it. "What an actor!" said you, the public.

I don't mean there aren't some very good actors and actresses in Hollywood. What I am trying to say is, you could set up a machine gun at the studio gate—any studio—sweep the lot with it, and it would be sheer accident if you hit an actor or an actress. You would nick a lot of public idols, and, with a little luck, you'd bag Jimmie Fidler, busily digging up items to prove something or other.

Then what is the function of the public? Once upon a time there was a little girl who was taking an examination in school, and she was asked, "What is the function of the stomach?" The little girl chewed her pencil, thought it over a while, and then wrote, "The function of the stomach is to hold up the petticoat." By the same token, the function of the public, as I see it, so far as movie stars are concerned, is to hold them up or let them down. But it doesn't discover them or develop them; it does nothing but support them. The only certainty about the public is its uncertainty, the only sure thing is its unsureness, the only predictable thing is its complete unpredictability.

THE END

HOW MANY OF THESE 40 QUESTIONS CAN YOU ANSWER?

National affairs Quiz

BY MARK SULLIVAN

Grade yourself as follows:

35 Correct ..... Excellent
30 Correct ..... Good
25 Correct ..... Fair
20 Correct ..... Passing
Under 20 ..... Failing

1—When President Roosevelt comes to the end of his present term, how long will he have served?

2—Which member of President Roosevelt's Cabinet had a father who held the same post in a Republican Cabinet?

3—What President had the same first name and middle initial as Postmaster General Farley?

4—Since 1880, what Presidents were married while in office?

5—The phrase "the grapes of wrath" has recently come to have political and social significance, for the second time in American history. What two authors have used it, and when?

6—Since 1901 there have been seven Presidents. Five had "oo" in their names. Which ones?

7—Of the nine justices of the Supreme Court, how many were appointed by President Roosevelt? Name them.

8—Recite the first three words of the Constitution of the United States.

9—Recite the first seven words of the Declaration of Independence.

10—Mrs. Paul Wilson is an exceedingly distinguished American woman. What position does she hold?

11—A famous woman and a famous ship, both bearing the same name, have visited America during the past year. In each case it was the first visit. What is the name?

12—The following Presidents, after they entered public life, were known by the two names given here—Grover Cleveland, Woodrow Wilson, Herbert Hoover. Each of these, however, had a third name. Supply them.

13—Identify the following: The squire of Hyde Park; the wizard of Menlo Park.

14—Three well known newspaper columns are titled: Today and Tomorrow, My Day, and On the Record. Name the writers of them.

15—Colors have been named for two well known living American women. Name the colors and the women.

16—Name the only President born west of the Mississippi River. In what state?

17—The United States Senate contains how many men?

18—The House of Representatives contains how many men?

19—Name all the living widows of Presidents. The picture above is of one of them.

20—Virginia is called "the mother of Presidents." Which state could be called "the mother of Secretaries of State"?

21—Since the death of Senator Borah, who is the senator having the longest continuous service?

22—Regardless of which party wins the Presidency and the House of Representatives next November, the Senate is practically certain to be Democratic in 1941-42. Why?

23—Since and including 1896, name the men who did the following things: (*a*) Ran for President three times; (*b*) ran for Vice-President unsuccessfully, and later for President successfully; (*c*) ran for President successfully; ran a second time unsuccessfully, and later became Chief Justice of the Supreme Court; (*d*) ran for President once unsuccessfully, and later became Chief Justice; (*e*) ran for Vice-President successfully, ran for President successfully, and later ran again for President unsuccessfully.

24—The following are among the most familiar of the "alphabetical agencies" set up during the present administration: AAA, CCC, SEC, WPA. What do the letters stand for?

25—A play and a motion picture, both recently popular, dealt with a former President of the United States. Name it.

26—Three women had the following maiden names: Florence Kling, Grace Goodhue, Lou Henry. They became famous under their married names. What were their married names?

27—Identify (*a*) "Cactus Jack"; (*b*) "Tommy the Cork"; (*c*) "the Little Flower"; (*d*) "Cotton Ed"; (*e*) "the Kingfish."

28—Helsinki and Leningrad were prominent in the news last winter. What were their former names?

29—What was the "blue eagle"?

30—What Presidents said: (*a*) "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself"; (*b*) "economic royalists"; (*c*) "too proud to fight"; (*d*) "back to normalcy"; (*e*) "dee-lighted"?

31—For what purpose did President Roosevelt call a special session of Congress last September?

32—The following are the first names of all the justices of the Supreme Court. Supply the last names: (*a*) Charles E.; (*b*) James C.; (*c*) Harlan F.; (*d*) Owen J.; (*e*) Hugo L.; (*f*) Stanley; (*g*) William O.; (*h*) Felix; (*i*) Frank.

33—Two persons conspicuous in the news are called Neville. Supply the last names.

34—The following women are important in public life at Washington. Identify them: (*a*) Mary T. Norton; (*b*) Marguerite LeHand; (*c*) Edith Nourse Rogers; (*d*) Caroline O'Day.

35—Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt was very prominent in the news about ten years ago. What was her position?

36—What is the designation of the dictator in Germany, Italy, Spain?

37—The total vote cast in the 1916 election (Woodrow Wilson-Charles E. Hughes) was 17,667,827. In the 1920 election (Harding-Cox), the vote was 25,299,553. What accounted for the greatly enlarged vote in so short a period?

38—The Republicans annually honor Lincoln on his birthday, February 12. The Democrats honor what two Presidents on what two days?

39—Name the song associated with the campaign of a recent Democratic candidate for President who won; and the song associated with a recent Democratic candidate who lost.

40—Who was the Republican candidate for Vice-President with Hoover in 1928; in 1932?

(Answers will be found on page 58)

LUCKIES' FINER TOBACCO MEANS LESS NICOTINE

Authoritative tests reveal that Luckies' finer tobaccos contain less nicotine than any other leading brand!

Here's the natural result of buying finer, selected cigarette tobacco for Lucky Strike. The average nicotine content of Luckies, for over two years, has been 12% less than the average of the four other leading brands*—less than any one of them.

This fact is proven by authoritative tests and confirmed, from time to time, by independent laboratories.

You see, each year we exhaustively analyze tobaccos before purchase. Thus our buyers can select the leaf that is rich and mellow, yet mild and low in nicotine content—then buy it up.

The result—a cigarette of finer, rich and mellow tobaccos with a naturally lower nicotine content. Have you tried a Lucky lately?

With men who know tobacco best—it's *LUCKIES 2 TO 1*

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***NICOTINE CONTENT OF LEADING BRANDS**

From January 1938 through March 1940, Lucky Strike has had an average nicotine content of 2.02 parts per hundred—averaging 9.82% less nicotine content than Brand A; 21.09% less than Brand B; 15.48% less than Brand C; 3.81% less than Brand D.

"Let me tell you how I chose my second refrigerator!"

All refrigerators looked alike to the newlyweds. "Give us the low-down, Aunt Florence," they said. "Why did you replace yours with the one that freezes with **NO MOVING PARTS?"**

1 **"You can't afford to make a mistake,"** cautions Aunt Florence. "And there's no need to, either. *Not* if you use your *ears* as well as your eyes when you choose your new refrigerator. That's what I did this time . . . and picked the Gas Refrigerator.

2 **"You'll never hear a thing . . .** just listen! Silent, isn't it? And I can tell you—as one who's had experience—that's reason enough to buy a Servel Electrolux. But there's another reason, too . . . and quite as important. No noise means there's nothing to wear!

3 **"A tiny gas flame** does the work. Servel hasn't a single moving part in its freezing system. That's why it's always quiet . . . and why it's *one* refrigerator you can depend on to *stay* efficient and economical.

4 **"My bills are lower.** Look—Servel Electrolux hasn't cost more than a few cents a day to run from the day I bought it. And as far as I can see, it never will. A refrigerator *without* moving, wearing parts has nothing to run up this cost."

5 **"We've thanked Aunt Florence ever since!** Our new refrigerator's a Servel Electrolux and it's everything she said it was . . . *But* she forgot to mention one very important thing: Servel Electrolux is *also* just about the most *convenient* refrigerator you ever saw, too!"

Whether it's your second . . . or your first . . . be wise to values, too!

Get all the facts—Ask these questions when you buy . . . You'll find that only with Servel is the answer **"YES"** to every one:

1. **Will it be permanently silent?**
2. **Will it give us longest service?**
3. **Will it save us money year after year?**
4. **Has it every worthwhile convenience?**
5. **Are we assured of dependable service?**
6. **Can we—right now—afford it?**

If you look at one refrigerator, look at Servel—if you look at more than one, look at Servel to see the difference!

People with experience are changing to SERVEL!

I wouldn't have anything but a Servel Electrolux this time—even as a gift! I knew the only way to get one that was always silent was to get a gas refrigerator.—*Mrs. William Ellwood, 4520 Woolworth Avenue, Omaha, Neb.*

The SERVEL ELECTROLUX *Gas Refrigerator*

Important

IF YOU LIVE BEYOND THE MAINS, THERE ARE MODELS TO RUN

ALSO ON BOTTLED GAS, TANK GAS OR KEROSENE

Write for details to Servel, Inc., Evansville, Ind.

. sterdays that shaped today's destiny!
The story of a history-making heritage

Jennie met the sensitive, brilliant younger son of the Duke of Marlborough.

Winston Churchill and His American Mother

READING TIME • 17 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

A synopsis of the opening installment of this narrative will be found on page 22.

PART TWO—JENNIE JEROME'S ROMANCE

WINSTON CHURCHILL'S American grandmother, like his American mother, was a devastatingly beautiful woman. It was therefore America's loss and Europe's gain when a sudden illness, occurring in the year 1867, forced her to go abroad for a stay which proved to be of several years' duration.

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

With her two older daughters she went first to Paris to be under the care of the famous American physician, Dr. Sims, who was then resident there; and when she recovered, she decided to remain there to enable Jennie and her sister to complete their education.

The decision changed the entire course of Jennie Jerome's life. It may also have changed the entire course of history, since it meant her meeting and marrying Lord Randolph Churchill and giving birth to the wartime leader of European democracy.

The effect on Jennie herself, however, was more immediately discernible. Although she had already reached the advanced age of thirteen and considered herself quite the grown woman, the fact was that the sheltered life which she had led in New York had kept her very much a child. Most of her days had been spent in what Hopkinson Smith used to call that "mosaic of light and shade, Madison Square . . . the resting spot of sleeping, lace-frilled babies." Now, Madison Square in

Jennie Jerome's youth was far from a social backwater, but as compared with Paris of the time of Napoleon III and his empress, Eugénie, it was a simple, almost primitive spot.

From the windows of the house the Jeromes now took on the Champs Elysées, the American child watched the glittering ladies of the most brilliant court in Europe ride by in their elegant equipages. The empress herself she always recognized long before Eugénie's flaming beauty came within range of her young eyes, by the gorgeous green-and-gold uniforms her postilions wore.

The empire, historians record, never seemed more assured, the court more gorgeous, the royal fetes and processions more brilliant than in those years just before the crash, which came in 1870 and 1871 with the disaster of the Franco-Prussian War. Certainly nothing had ever seemed so wonderful, even in fairy stories or dreams, to the little girl from New York.

When her mother, after her recovery, began to go out into Parisian society, her mature beauty attracted much attention—"*La belle Américaine* at that time having," as her daughter expressed it, "all the charm of novelty"—and the Jerome home became the gathering place of a most distinguished group of Americans and Europeans, including James Gordon Bennett, the great American newspaper publisher, and the Prince de Sagan, afterward the Duc de Talleyrand, the great European boulevardier.

INTO this cosmopolitan society Jennie Jerome, in spite of her youth, fitted with the air of having been a part of it all her life.

That remarkable man Leonard Jerome, who was quite as versatile as his famous grandson, had served for three years as American consul at Trieste. Jennie had been young enough at the time to learn Italian as she learned English; she spoke both with equal facility daily until she was six. With one Latin language so thoroughly mastered, the others came easily and quickly.

By her linguistic ability she was prepared to meet the cosmopolitan world, and by her wit and beauty she conquered it.

In the '60s and '70s, especially in European salons such as the one over which charming Mrs. Leonard Jerome now presided, even young girls in their teens were expected to be able to discuss the latest developments in politics, literature, and art. Jennie Jerome was an adept. A great reader, she remembered what she read, and loved to discuss it. All her life she had a wide circle of admirers among literary folk. Once, in a conversation with a masculine caller, she had occasion to quote a line from Oscar Wilde's play, The Importance of Being Earnest, which she rendered as follows:

"The only difference between the saint and the sinner is that every saint has a past and that every sinner has a future."

Her friend said that the quotation was wrong. To prove it was right, she wrote to Wilde himself. "That, of course, is the quotation," replied Oscar. "How dull men are! They should listen to brilliant women, and look at beautiful ones—and when, as in this case, a woman is both beautiful and brilliant, they might have the ordinary common sense to admit that she is verbally inspired."

In later years her son Winston—set down as a dull boy who could not be graduated from Harrow and who got into Sandhurst, the British West Point, only with the greatest difficulty—suddenly developed this same love of literature, and educated himself in maturity by the reading of everything from Plato to Gibbon. Soon thereafter he felt an urge toward authorship. His nineteen published volumes testify to the part this inheritance from his American mother has played in the career of the first literary Prime Minister since Disraeli.

IN LIBERTY LAST WEEK

Mr. Collins demonstrated that Prime Minister Winston Churchill is a mixture of British bulldog courage and American enterprise. The latter he owes to his mother, who as Lady Randolph Churchill, wife of a younger son of a Duke of Marlborough, was one of Victorian England's reigning beauties. Born Jennie Jerome in Rochester, New York, in 1854, she was a cousin of William Travers Jerome, who in the 1900s was to be New York City's champion against corruption and crime. In her infancy, her father, Leonard, removed to New York City, where he became, among many other things, a financier, co-editor of the New York Times, and "father of the American turf." Winston Churchill has much in common with this grandfather of his, and much with William Travers Jerome, but most with his radiant and scintillating mother herself.

It was in 1867 that an event occurred which was to lead to the youthful Jennie's first meeting with her titled future husband.

Of Winston's ability as a conversationalist, we have already had examples. He is not always so obliging about turning it on as his gracious mother was; she combined with her brilliancy such kindliness and high spirits that she was universally popular. "Her desire to please, her delight in life, and the genuine wish that all should share her joyous faith in it," wrote an old friend, "made her the center of a devoted circle."

Winston is far less dependable. In fact, anxious hostesses never know whether he will turn up, if he turns up at all, scintillating or bored; but if scintillating has it, a good time is assured to all, as the result of a physical and mental vigor and youthfulness which are markedly reminiscent of his vivacious mother's.

"Today, at sixty-five, Churchill seems ten years younger than he is," writes John Gunther in Inside Europe. "His cheeks are a clear child's pink. His powerful, stocky body, with the very big head, bears a striking resemblance to that of a healthy bulldog. When he begins to talk, with an odd clucking intonation, the words roll and bounce. He chooses words, even in conversation, as a lapidary sets gems. His talk is so good, so full of balance and antithesis, and so incredibly fluent, that one longs for a dictaphone to take it down."

Another social asset of young Jennie Jerome was a genuine love of music. She herself had real ability as a pianist, but, except for an occasional unavoidable appearance at a ship's concert, she could never "surmount the nervousness one finds in playing in public." Later, however, as Lady Randolph Churchill, she spent many happy hours playing duets with her husband's and her own great friend, Mr. Arthur James Balfour. Their favorite composers were Bach and Schumann.

Winston's love of music seems to have been limited to the bugle; but the inherited artistic temperament broke out in him through the medium of paint and palette.

His mother tried her hand at painting, too. She recalls "martyrizing many models, paid and unpaid, covering miles of canvas with impossible daubs, and spending a small fortune in paints and pigments." Her talent, however, seems to have been of a lower grade than her son's. Winston, under the *nom de* brush of "Charles Marin," has not only painted landscapes but exhibited them and won the approval of the art critics.

MEANWHILE, in Paris, the Jeromes were drawn gradually into the empress' own glittering circle. The older sister, later Mrs. Leslie, came out at a Tuileries ball. How Jennie regretted "being troubled with governesses"! Two years later, when it was her turn to shine, the Germans were marching on Paris—and the Jeromes, like many another American family in 1914 and again in 1940, were forced to seek safety in England. Many months passed before Jennie saw Paris again, and when she did, the statues of the "lost provinces" in the Place de la Concorde were swathed in crepe!

The sun of empire had set for Napoleon and Eugénie, but the star of Jennie Jerome's empire had risen to unexpected heights.

In England the ever popular Jeromes had found themselves invited to Cowes on the Isle of Wight for the annual Regatta Week, to which all fashionable Europe flocked. To Cowes came even Napoleon and Eugénie, still on the throne which was about to totter, for a brief respite from the cares of war; and the royal couple straightway renewed their kindnesses to the American refugees.

Eugénie invited them for a sail around the island on the royal yacht, and although every one on board except the empress was too seasick to enjoy the trip, the thrill of being present was, in anticipation and in retrospect, nowise diminished for Jennie and her sister.

(Continued on page 24)

$5,000.00 FIRST PRIZE

FOR 10 BEST WORDS DESCRIBING LIBBY'S CORNED BEEF HASH

2ND Prize... $500.00
3RD Prize.... $100.00
100 Prizes... $10.00 EACH

THIS CONTEST IS EASY, AND IT'S FUN!

PLAY A GAME that's lots of fun . . . find out more about one of the temptingest, thriftiest main dishes that ever came into your kitchen . . . and maybe *win a great big fat cash prize!*

That's what's before you when you enter Libby's "Best Words" Contest on Corned Beef Hash.

YOUR ENTRY BLANK. CLIP IT NOW!

It's a game! Entering this contest is easy as pie. The object is simply to pick the ten words that best describe Libby's Corned Beef Hash.

Read the easy rules below for full details, but here are some helpful hints:

On the entry blank there are ten spaces, one for each of your ten words. At the left of each row is a yellow letter. Use that letter somewhere . . . *anywhere* . . . in the word you write in that particular row.

For instance, the first row has the key letter "L." So you must use "L" somewhere in your first word. You might put down *flavory*, or *economical*. Next comes "I," so maybe you'd write in *nutritious* or *appetizing*.

Easier than working a crossword puzzle, isn't it? And *this* game may win you *five thousand dollars* . . . or one of 102 other fine cash awards.

So get going *now*. Read the simple rules; mail your first entry *right away*.

INCLUDE AN **L** IN THIS WORD	
INCLUDE AN **I** IN THIS WORD	
INCLUDE A **B** IN THIS WORD	
INCLUDE A **B** IN THIS WORD	
INCLUDE A **Y** IN THIS WORD	
INCLUDE AN **S** IN THIS WORD	
INCLUDE AN **H** IN THIS WORD	
INCLUDE AN **A** IN THIS WORD	
INCLUDE AN **S** IN THIS WORD	
INCLUDE AN **H** IN THIS WORD	

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

GROCER'S NAME.....

GROCER'S ADDRESS.....

Mail to Libby's Contest Judge, Dept. LB-14, Howard-Clark Building, Chicago, Ill.

SIMPLE RULES . . . READ CAREFULLY

1. HOW TO PLAY THE GAME: Look at the entry blank. Notice the yellow letters down the left-hand side: L-I-B-B-Y-S H-A-S-H. To the right of each letter is a space for a word.

The object of the game is to write on each of the ten horizontal rows a single word descriptive of Libby's Corned Beef Hash. *Each word must have somewhere in it the letter that appears at the left of that particular row.* (Elsewhere on this page you'll find examples of words and hints for winning ideas.)

2. Cash prizes will be awarded as follows: First Prize, $5,000.00; Second Prize, $500.00; Third Prize $100.00; and 100 Prizes of $10.00 each. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be made.

3. Send as many entries as you like. With each entry, send 1 label from Libby's Corned Beef Hash and 1 label from any other Libby's canned meat—or facsimiles thereof. Mail your entries to Libby's Contest Judge, Dept. LB-14, Howard-Clark Building, Chicago, Ill.

4. Your entry must be original with you, in your own proper name, and over your own signature with complete address, and the name and address of the dealer from whom you bought the Libby Foods. He can help you win.

5. Entries will be judged not on elaborateness but on the basis of the aptness, uniqueness and effectiveness of the words submitted. *Words must be submitted on an Official Entry Blank.*

LOOK HERE FOR SOME GOOD WORDS

6. Contest closes midnight, July 31, 1940. No entries postmarked after this date will be eligible for an award.

7. This contest is limited to residents of the United States. Employees of Libby, McNeill & Libby, members of their families, and the advertising agents cannot compete.

8. The decisions of the judge will be final. No entries will be returned or acknowledged. All entries will become the property of Libby, McNeill & Libby.

9. Winners will be notified as soon as possible after the close of the contest.

A SPEEDY MEAL!
Libby's delicious Corned Beef Hash is mighty quick 'n easy to fix. Ready in 5 minutes—and so tempting, so satisfying.

NUTRITIOUS!
Meat and potatoes in one dish, Libby's Hash is highly nutritious. It's wholesome, hearty, delectable. Easy on the budget, too.

ECONOMICAL!
Families cheer Libby's Corned Beef Hash, and it costs you only about 5¢ a serving!

Libby's

32 MEATS

Corned Beef Hash, Vienna Sausage, Corned Beef, Veal Loaf, Lunch Tongue, Deviled Ham, Cocktail Spreads (Ham, Liver, Tongue), Cocktail Pork Sausage, Cocktail Frankfurter Sausage, Deviled Meat, Bouillon Cubes, Frankfurter Sausage, Beef Stew, Beefsteak with Onions, Beef Extract, Boneless Chicken, Spaghetti and Meat with Sauce, Chili Con Carne, Tamales, Meatwich Spread, Meat Gravy, Lamb Stew, Hamburger Steak with Onions, Dried Beef, Roast Beef, Potted Meat, Liver Spread, Cooked Brains, Tripe, Cottage Beef.

DELICIOUS!
Plenty of fine corned beef, "home kitchen" seasoning . . . Libby's is the hash folks hanker for. Men especially love its zesty flavor.

(Continued from page 22)

At their lodgings, on one occasion, they were told that a gentleman whose card read "M. le Comte de Pierrefonds" had called while they were out. Later, when Mrs. Jerome asked Eugénie's private secretary if he had any idea who the French gentleman might be, the official showed signs of the greatest excitement.

"*Mais c'est l'Empereur!*" he shouted. "It's the Emperor!"

Thus sponsored, the Jeromes went over big in the British resort. Jennie became quite the belle of the Royal Yacht Club festivities, was invited to meet the Prince and Princess of Wales, afterward King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra, and in the royal retinue met the sensitive, brilliant younger son of the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Randolph Henry Churchill.

Lord Randolph was a very serious young man, shy and reserved, but with the gift of inspiring in others a warmth of affection which he himself, although he undoubtedly felt it, could not bring himself to show. His son never ceased to regret his inability to get closer to his father, whom he adored. "Only once did he lift his visor in my sight," wrote Winston many years after his father's death. "I then had one of the three or four long, intimate conversations with him which are all I can boast."

THE relationship between the two men, Randolph so shy and Winston so ebullient, reveals an almost pathetic disparity. The older man's health faded fast while his son was just entering manhood.

"As time wore on," said the younger Churchill, "I could not help feeling that my father's speeches were not as good as they used to be. There were some brilliant successes; yet on the whole he seemed to be hardly holding his own. I hoped of course that I should grow up in time to come to his aid. I knew that he would have received such a suggestion with unaffected amusement; but I thought of Austen Chamberlain who was allowed to fight at his father's side, and Herbert Gladstone who had helped the Grand Old Man to cut down the oak trees and went everywhere with him, and I dreamed of days to come when Tory democracy would dismiss the 'Old Gang' with one hand and defeat the Radicals with the other.

"But if ever I began to show the slightest idea of comradeship, he was immediately offended; and when once I suggested that I might help his private secretary to write some of his letters, he froze me into stone. I know now that this would have been only a passing phase. Had he lived another four or five years, he could not have done without me. But there were no four or five years!"

The contrast between the vivacious Miss Jerome and her young husband-to-be must have been quite as marked. In fact, if any further proof were needed to indicate that the dynamic Winston inherited most of his outstanding qualities from his mother rather than his father, a study of the three characters would furnish it.

Lord Randolph was a typical Marlborough. His son is a typical Jerome. Certain basic strengths he undoubtedly inherited from the Marlborough side, but so far they have shown but infrequently.

"If you scrutinize his origins," writes Philip Guedalla, "and check them with his subsequent career, it will emerge that the significant particular was scarcely that his grandfather was the seventh Duke of Marlborough. For Winston Churchill's course has been anything but ducal. He made his way in politics by sincere, vigorous professions of Liberal faith in a day when that involved fervid advocacy of the People's Budget and a strong distaste for peers, a determination to restrict their power by high taxation and by limitation on the House of Lords."

BUT we all know that it is not always true that like attracts like. The young English lord's interest in the Jerome family was immediately obvious. For a time the observant group at the Royal Yacht Club entertainments was uncertain as to whether that interest focused on the older and blonder sister or the younger and darker one. Soon, however, in spite of his reserve, he could no longer conceal the fact that the dark one, Jennie, was the object of his affection.

Lord Randolph hated dancing, liked to discuss politics, literature, and art. He was gratified to find that the youthful Miss Jerome, fond of dancing though she was, as he must have seen, loved to do these other things too. The letters which passed between them during the courtship concerned themselves chiefly with such matters.

Their son has written: "In the summer of 1873 while on a visit to Cowes, Miss Jennie Jerome met my father Lord Randolph Churchill. She was at that time widely known in New York, Paris and London society as one of the most beautiful girls of the day. Lord Randolph Churchill fell in love with her at first sight, and in a few months they were man and wife."

There seems to be no question about the swiftness of the falling in love on either side, but if one is inclined to read between the lines of Lady Randolph's Reminiscences, the marrying part was not so swift or so simple. There were, indeed, signs of a willingness on the Marlboroughs' part to delay, if not impede, the smooth running of true love.

There were, of course, no objections that could be raised on churchly grounds. Jennie Jerome had neither been married nor divorced. She had, in her young life, violated none of the canons of the British court—even Queen Victoria's court. But there was present, even then, throughout the aristocratic circle, a tendency to look down the nose at any American woman, as such.

"In England as on the Continent," wrote Lady Randolph in recalling those trying days, "the American woman was looked upon as a strange and abnormal creature, with habits and manners somewhat between a Red Indian and a Gaiety girl. . . . If she talked, dressed and conducted herself as any well dressed woman would, much astonishment was invariably evinced, and she was usually saluted with the tactful remark, 'I should never have thought *you* were an American.'"

Altogether, the scene between Lord Randolph and his father, the duke, may be imagined. Particularly was the duke curious as to Mr. Jerome, the absentee husband and father, for it was quite beyond the ducal mind to conceive favorably of a man so occupied with earning a living as to be unable to roam the world at will.

"Mr. Jerome is a gentleman who is obliged to live in New York and look after his business," explained Randolph.

"Business?"

"Yes," finished the young man weakly. "I don't know what it is."

This common attitude in Europe toward the American male annoyed young Jennie Jerome no end. "American men," she complained, "were myths, few being idle enough to travel. But they were all supposed to be loud and vulgar as the mothers were unpresentable and the daughters undesirable—unless worth their weight in gold."

In addition, there was an amazing ignorance of what America itself was like.

She recalls a dowager becoming very much annoyed because she, Jennie, did not know a certain Chilean lady. "But," protested the dowager, "aren't you both Americans?"

IT should be said for the Marlboroughs that transatlantic marriage was not the common thing in those days that it later came to be. Nevertheless, their welcome to the stranger at their family gates must have seemed a bleak affair to the warm-hearted, joyous, very-much-in-love girl still in her teens.

Even Blenheim, the family seat, named after the first duke's greatest victory, overwhelmed her by its very magnificence. "Looking at the lake, the bridge, the miles of magnificent park studded with old oaks, I found no adequate words to express my admiration," she said, "and when we approached the bridge I felt awed, but my American pride forbade the admission."

Her mother-in-law-to-be, Frances Anne, Duchess of Marlborough, proved to be a masterful woman who "ruled Blenheim and nearly everything in it with a firm hand," and the duke insisted, as head of the family, that young Randolph should not marry until that somewhat indefinite time when he could get himself elected to Parliament.

The parallel between these events

(Continued on page 26)

A slight exaggeration

. . . of that *Sky Chief* feeling!

YES, there *is* a difference in *Sky Chief* gasoline. You'll feel it the moment you press the accelerator. You'll enjoy it more when you take your first hill.

Here is smooth, eager, quiet power . . . instantly responsive to your will. *Sky Chief* volatilizes instantly for alert starts and flying take-offs. Its extremely high anti-knock gives effortless performance on hills.

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Texaco Dealers invite you to tune in The Texaco Star Theatre—starring Kenny Baker and Frances Langford—Every Wed. Night—Columbia Network—9:00 E. D. T., 8:00 E. S. T., 8:00 C. D. T., 7:00 C. S. T., 6:00 M. S. T., 5:00 P. S. T.

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OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

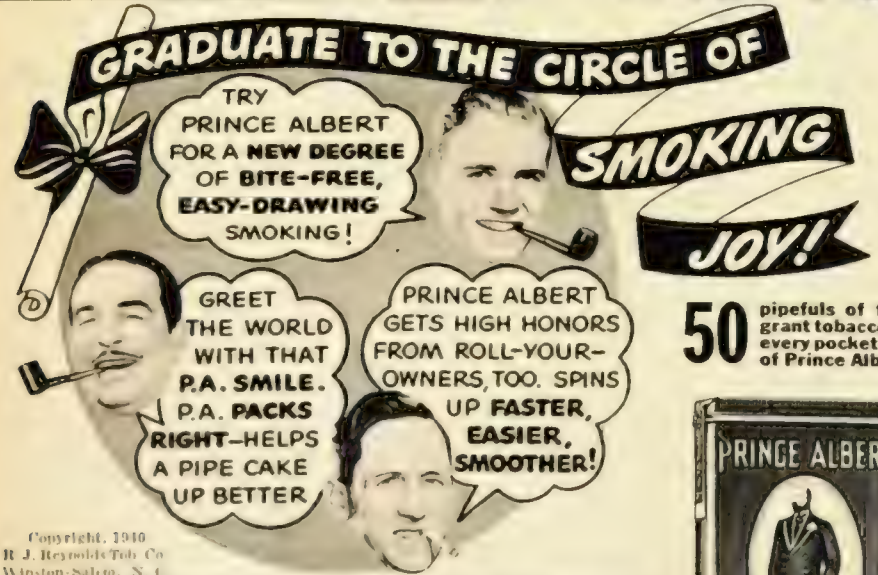
DON'T BE SURPRISED, DAD. IT'S SADIE HAWKINS DAY AT THIS SCHOOL. THE GIRLS HAVE TO CATCH A DATE FOR THE DANCE TONIGHT
SADIE HAWKINS DAY IS AN EVENT OBSERVED AT ALMOST 300 COLLEGES NOW, JUDGE. THE STUDENTS WEAR THEIR OLDEST CLOTHES
I'VE CAUGHT YOU, DON—YOU'RE MY DATE AT THE DANCE TONIGHT!
OUCH!
YOU SEEMED TO GIVE UP PRETTY EASY, DON
WELL—ER—I DROPPED MY PIPE—MY BRAND OF TOBACCO BURNS HOT
O-HO—WE WOULDN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THAT—WOULD WE, PROFESSOR?
NOT WHILE WE'RE ENJOYING COOL-BURNING PRINCE ALBERT. HOW ABOUT TRYING A PIPE OF P.A., DON?
I REALIZE WHAT YOU MEAN, PROFESSOR! GOSH, THIS P.A. BURNS COOL AND SMOKES MILDER, TOO—AND IT'S RICH-TASTING WITHOUT BITE
NATURALLY, DON! THERE'S REAL COMFORT IN PRINCE ALBERT AND PLENTY OF GOOD, FULL BODY, TOO!

IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, *PRINCE ALBERT* BURNED

86 DEGREES COOLER

THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED—*COOLEST OF ALL!*

GRADUATE TO THE CIRCLE OF SMOKING JOY!


TRY PRINCE ALBERT FOR A NEW DEGREE OF BITE-FREE, EASY-DRAWING SMOKING!
GREET THE WORLD WITH THAT P.A. SMILE. P.A. PACKS RIGHT—HELPS A PIPE CAKE UP BETTER
PRINCE ALBERT GETS HIGH HONORS FROM ROLL-YOUR-OWNERS, TOO. SPINS UP FASTER, EASIER, SMOOTHER!

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every pocket tin of Prince Albert

Copyright, 1940 R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co. Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

(Continued from page 24)

and those which occurred in England in the fall of 1936, when Edward VIII declared his intention of marrying an American woman, is inescapable. One wonders if Winston Churchill, when he alone of Britain's leading statesmen had the courage to rise in Parliament and protest against the determination of the church-rooted Archbishop of Canterbury and the church-ridden Stanley Baldwin to drive their king out of public life rather than permit him to marry an American woman, was thinking of those earlier struggles against British tradition and prejudice through which another American woman had passed more than half a century before.

OF course, we know now that there were other reasons why the old and now discredited crowd that ruled England when Edward VIII came to the throne, and continued to rule until Winston Churchill threw them out, wished to get rid of their king: the chief reason being that he, like Churchill, saw them for what they were. But there is no denying that the lingering distaste for Americans among the British ruling classes was a contributing reason.

King George V, acting no doubt on the advice of his ministers, had made few American friends, and gave audience in his later years, so far as is now recalled, to only two residents of the United States, J. Pierpont Morgan and his able senior partner, Thomas W. Lamont. Stanley Baldwin, in his long tenancy of No. 10 Downing Street, is credited with having received no Americans at all, except, of course, diplomats. Only one American, Ambassador Robert Bingham, witnessed the marriage in Westminster Abbey of the present King and Queen.

Things are different now. Even the dying Chamberlain government, faced by the possibility of imminent destruction, bid high for American support by sending their charming young monarchs, George and Elizabeth, to spend a few days on American soil.

And a right pleasant impression they made, too!

But in the fall of 1936, when Winston Churchill, son of an American woman, was hooted down in the House of Commons for his impassioned defense of the right of his king to marry an American woman, conditions in London society were distinctly remindful of those which existed when Jennie Jerome finally went up to London to take her place as the wife of a son of the Duke of Marlborough!

Far from proving to be a handicap to her titled husband in his career—or to their meteoric son Winston—the lovely "Yankee lady," as an admiring London came to call her, was to play the major part in the making of both brilliant men! Exactly how she did so will appear as Mr. Collins concludes the absorbing story in Liberty next week.

MONEY Talks

ILLUSTRATOR
PHIL LYFORD

A new life had begun for her. And she was going to be a success!

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

A synopsis of preceding chapters will be found on page 28

PART FIVE—SCANDAL TAKES ITS TOLL

AS Dee went slowly back through the church, there was now no glory sustaining her, and no peace. The stained-glass windows looked as murky and gloomy as if they had been designed to bring feeble light into a crypt. The superb organ music, rising to soul-shaking climax, sounded in Dee's ears like the final thunder of a mighty funeral march. And its dying echoes beat against Dee's senses with the forlorn hopelessness of the bell buoy at the entrance to Eastmouth Harbor.

For Dee had read enough in the newspaper to understand what Mr. Peters meant. The papers that headlined the anarchist and Dee's valor were unfortunately not the ones which had caught Mr. Peters' horrified attention. Nor were they the ones he flung before Dee. The one he showed her was the sheet to which Bab Loser contributed a daily column.

Clouds gather in a brilliant novel of a tangled romance

BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT Jr.

Bab—who had been a sob sister before a gossiporter—had gone to town on this story, with whistles blowing and red rags waving in the wind. First she had chanted the elegy of Eloise Bassett's attempted suicide—not calling it that, of course, but implying it heavily in her throatiest style. Then Bab had played Dee up—safely but convincingly—as the reason for Eloise's "tragic gesture"; Deeda Mason, Walter Bassett's "childhood sweetheart"! It was all there, and every word was true; every remark quoted had actually been made. The only thing false about it was the implication! And that was as cruelly false as Ananias plus Uriah Heep.

As Dee stumbled out through the church, the black and white newsprint jiggled before her eyes: "'I don't care about fame; money is what I'm after,' says Deeda Mason, who ad-

mitted, when questioned, that she could honestly be called Walter Bassett's childhood sweetheart. 'He was my hero!' said she."

Dee gave a little moan as she left the church behind her and went out into the rain. She felt that she couldn't blame Mr. Peters for his attitude. How right he had been when, in answer to her attempted explanation, he had said, "Very possibly you have been victimized to a degree. I realize that all writers of this ilk exaggerate. But you surely cannot deny that in the whole adventure you were very indiscreet and—ah—I venture to say that, as you have virtually admitted, you no doubt were foolish enough to drink sufficient liquor to be scarcely in full possession of your faculties."

He was right. She hadn't been. She couldn't have been to have talked as freely as she did to that woman think she was an indiscreet, babbling lightweight, a celebrity chaser, and I-knew-him-whener. A silly girl with a head that had been dizzily turned because of the brief, kindly attention paid her by a rich and prominent man.

Dee thought of what Dr. Paisley had said: "Every time he meets a stranger socially, he never knows when that stranger is going to try to take advantage of acquaintanceship with the very rich Walter Bassett." Oh, she really hadn't been that kind of stranger! But to any one who read that newspaper story she would certainly seem to be one of that clinging, sycophantic, parasitic breed! She—who had always stood alone and who didn't care a bit for fame or money, except where the latter would help ease the burdens at home!

Home? . . . As the bus lurched to a stop and Dee rose to let the fat

And suddenly Dee knew that she wasn't going to leave. This hostelry, yes; but the battlefield of New York, no! With quick dignity she paid her bill, set her small chin.

HAD Maxie Meyer not been telephoned by the police on that particular morning, several things might not have happened. Maxie Meyer, who ran a highly successful, up-to-the-minute, slightly lurid night spot on Broadway, usually slept till noon. But on the night previous to this morning Maxie Meyer's car had been stolen. And now the police had happened to find it in Yonkers at the ungodly hour of 9 A. M. Therefore, fifteen minutes after that hour, they had chosen to telephone him to announce their achievement.

Maxie's Filipino had tried to tell the police that at the moment the slumbering Mr. Meyer wouldn't be

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

AFTER a cup of coffee accidentally spilled on her dress in a coffee shop has served as an introduction, Dee Mason, in New York from Cape Cod to sing on a radio program for amateurs, accepts the invitation of a strange man to go aboard his schooner. They drive to the Hudson River, where the ship is anchored, and he shows her the two Polish war orphans whom he has adopted, and takes her over the boat. Dee is strongly attracted to the man, but she doesn't discover his name until a gay party arrives, led by a golden-haired woman called Eloise. Then she finds out that Eloise is her host's wife and that he is Walter Bassett, a multi-millionaire who spent his early summers on the Cape and whom Dee knew when she was six and he was sixteen.

Dee, aware of Eloise's resentment of her presence, prepares to leave; instead, by her quick-wittedness, she saves the schooner from being blown up by a madman whom she discovers in the guest cabin where she has left her hat and coat. She stays on for awhile, and, without realizing it, is skillfully pumped by a woman gossip columnist about her acquaintanceship with Walter and her plans for the future. Finally she is taken home by Chub Davis, a young radio talent scout who is devoted to Walter and who tells her something of the unhappy life he leads with Eloise.

The next morning Dee has an appointment with the Rev. Mr. Peters who is considering giving her a permanent job on his church radio program. When she arrives, he tells her that it is out of the question she should sing with his group. She asks him why, and he replies:

"You can't have seen the morning papers! See for yourself what they say about you!"

who had pretended to be so friendly. Telling about rowing Walter's dinghy! Describing the beauties of Bassett Hill; the admiration that the townsfolk felt for Walter, their gratitude for the way he spent his money. What a fool she had been! How badly, stupidly, giddily she had behaved!

Dee began to walk aimlessly in the general direction of the bus stop. One voice in her mind kept repeating what she had said to Mr. Peters: "It's all a mistake!" The antiphonal voice in her mind droned back the minister's retort: "A costly mistake, I fear, for you."

Dee boarded the bus, paid her fare, started to climb to the uncovered top.

The conductor gently suggested, "I wouldn't. It's raining."

Unusually nice people, bus conductors; as nice as doctors and policemen. Dee thanked him.

She found a seat beside a very fat woman who wore an absurdly large bunch of artificial violets resting like a clump of flowering shrub on the plateau made by her uplifted bosom. Dee looked at those flowers, then glanced down at her own exquisite little corsage. . . . Walter!

At the thought of him a black tidal wave rose and drowned Dee. Walter! What would he think when he read the newspaper story? He'd be ashamed, disappointed in her; he'd woman maneuver past her, she thought of home. She'd go there! Now, at once. She'd rush to her room at the Y., pack her scanty belongings, and flee back home—like a beaten puppy or a sea gull too feeble to weather the storm. That was it—she was feeble; she couldn't take it!

Dee got off the bus at the next stop and walked the three remaining blocks, because the bus had suddenly become too full of her knowledge of defeat. She entered the chaste reception hall of her so temporary domicile, went to the desk, intent on giving up her room.

The lady secretary there spoke before Dee had time to marshal words. "Miss Mason, isn't it? . . . I'm so sorry; but there has been a regrettable mix-up in reservations. It can't be helped, however. You see, I thought your room was free for the next week or two when I let you have it. But I find that it was reserved for that period by one of our old girls. She is coming back today. I'm sure you'll be able to—"

Dee looked at the tall, thin, efficient lady. And she saw a dull red tide begin to creep up the lady's neck from the neat white bar of her tailored collar.

Dee feared that a similar flush was staining her own throat. "That is quite all right," she said. "I was planning to leave."

interested even if they had found the Bremen in Mr. Meyer's orchestra pit. But New York's Finest were not to be put off.

So at ten fifteen Maxie Meyer found himself at a police garage in the Bronx, claiming his muddy sedan, which had been towed there by the long arm of the law. And at ten thirty he found himself reading the morning newspaper in the morning—for the first time in five years.

Maxie was a dapper little man, with eyes like currants in hot cross buns, and with a mouth like a slightly oblique zipper. He almost always had an inch or two of cigar clenched firmly in one corner of that mouth—which contributed to the zipper effect. People who knew him could tell by watching the cigar whether Mr. Meyer's ferretlike brain was resting on its laurels, or whether it was preparing to dart at something.

Right now, as Maxie read Bab Loser's column, the cigar stub was beginning to move up and down—which meant that Maxie was scenting prey.

It should be explained here that Maxie's night spot—aptly called the Front Page—was famous for dishing up to its patrons headliners in the news. If some one stowed away successfully on the Yankee Clipper, Maxie would contrive to have the

(Continued on page 30)

CHAMPION AGAIN!

WILBUR SHAW, WINNER—9 OF FIRST 10 CARS TO FINISH—1940 INDIANAPOLIS 500-MILE RACE USED CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS once again proved that they make every engine a better performing engine, with a sweeping victory in the 1940 Indianapolis 500-Mile Race. This year, as for 17 years past, Champions have proved their right to a place in the engine of every motorist who values maximum performance and dependability.

Champion Spark Plugs progress with the times. That's why their record of supremacy in open competition is so outstanding. Today spark plugs more definitely determine the degree and quality of engine performance than ever before.

High speed, high-compression engines using highly developed anti-knock fuels require spark plugs that are free from leakage, and practically immune to the ravages of the complex chemistry of modern combustion.

The combination of Champion's exclusive Sillimanite insulators and patented Sillment seal is the perfect answer to these problems. Insist on Champion Spark Plugs for your car. Have your spark plugs, regardless of make, tested and cleaned at regular intervals, and replace with new ones every 10,000 miles for maximum economy and dependability.

"Many thanks for the splendid performance of Champion Spark Plugs when I won the Indianapolis 500-Mile Race for the third time. The Champions functioned perfectly in my car throughout the entire race—never missed firing once."

Wilbur Shaw

USE THE SPARK PLUG *CHAMPIONS* USE

(Continued from page 28)
stowaway make a personal appearance in his spotlight. Was a beautiful blonde acquitted in the murder of a well known politician, then she could be sure of a well paid, if brief, bit in his floor show.

Maxie now chewed his butt reflectively, doused it in his coffee dregs, and went to the telephone. He called Bab Loser, with whom he had a kind of mutual trade compact. At her he flung a series of terse questions, the final one of which elicited her laughing answer: "A babe in arms!"

Maxie permitted his zipper mouth to straighten out into an approach to a smile as he hung up. He lighted a fresh cigar and went to collect his car—which was now washed and as resplendent, in its way, as the chariots that once bore Roman magnates about their profitable business.

IT hadn't taken Dee long to hustle her few belongings into Uncle Zenas' rather imposing suitcase —gift of the Eastmouth Ladies' Aid on his tenth anniversary of spiritual shepherdhood. Nor did it take her long to tell the hovering maid that she was glad she had missed the newspaper reporters who, according to the maid, had already put in their appearance. And no, said Dee, she was leaving no forwarding address.

Dee went out the front door with the pitying but uncondoning eyes of the secretary on her; and as she faced the rain and fog, she felt momentarily freed. Possibly she had some lift of spirit kindred to that experienced by men in the trenches when the zero hour gives them the signal to go over the top.

She didn't even glance at the green sedan that drew up at the curb. Nor, possibly, would Maxie Meyer have noticed her if the obsequious little maid had not appeared in the doorway, calling, "Miss Mason wanted on the phone."

"I'm out," Dee tossed quickly over her shoulder, as she set off down the street.

Maxie Meyer nimbly overtook her. "Pardon me," he said. "You are Miss Mason, aren't you? I couldn't help overhearing. I was looking for you."

"Are you a reporter?" Dee demanded.

"Definitely not!" He smiled—really smiled. Maxie Meyer could be an actor at times, as well as a producer. He had thrown his cigar away. Or, rather, he had extinguished it and had placed it thriftily in an elegant chromium container in the car. "Do I look like a reporter?" he pursued; then raised his hand swiftly as though to ward off a blow. "Wait! Don't tell me! I couldn't bear it. At this hour of the day I might look like almost anything!"

Dee nearly smiled. There was something so genuine in the little man's admission of his morning mood.

Maxie sensed her suppressed smile. Not for nothing had he got his early experience in self-salesmanship as a door-to-door stocking vendor! In those pavement-pounding, bell-pushing days Maxie had learned—make a woman want to smile; it's far better than sticking your foot in the door! Another thing he had learned was—talk fast before they slap you down! So, ever since, Maxie had played the clown and had talked fast.

Now he said, all in a swift soft rush, to Dee, "No indeed, Miss Mason, I'm no reporter. I'm Maxie Meyer; possibly you have heard of me even in Massachusetts. No? Ah, well, we can't all be— Have you heard of Billy Rose? . . . No? Good! I feel better! . . . I'm the owner of a Broadway night club, the Front Page; and at the moment I am looking for a singer."

Dee's eyes widened momentarily.

Maxie saw. Quick as a wink—with the old technique of flinging open the sample case before the housewife could say no—he suggested, "Look. I apologize for keeping you standing here in the rain! My car is here; couldn't I—"

But Dee had had enough of getting into strange men's cars. Besides, this man wasn't cut from the same fabric that Walter was. This man, with his diamond stickpin and pinch-waist overcoat, looked like Dee's idea of a highly successful gangster. He made her think that maybe Aunt Flossie had been righter about New York than she had given her credit for being. And if this man was the owner of a night club, Dee wanted proof of it before she'd even listen to him.

So she said very politely—because possibly he was what he said and possibly he really was looking for a singer—"Thank you; you're very kind. But I was going into that restaurant, right there, for a cup of coffee. Like you, I got up too early this morning."

"Then," said the man companionably, "we're both sufferers. And maybe we could talk things over over some Java, yes? I heard you on the radio last night — and liked your voice. It's little but has a quality I'm looking for." Maxie was lying now; he hadn't heard her; but his words made sudden music in Dee's ears.

SO once more over a cup of coffee, things began for Dee. Maxie Meyer sold her the idea of going to the night club with him for a tryout. There he introduced her to a man in a pink shirt who looked like an anthropoid ape but who played the piano like St. Cecilia. And he introduced her to a redheaded oldish girl who looked like another Eva Tanguay and who danced like a doll composed of wood, rubber, and electricity.

This girl had been rehearsing when Dee and Maxie had entered the dim betrayed-looking place. Dee would never forget her first impression of that big room with its fathomless shadows, its ring of forlorn ungarnished floor-side tables—the only ones visible—and the bright patch of light in which this redheaded automaton leaped and gyrated.

Dee thought the peripatetic creature wonderful. But Maxie, chewing his cigar up and down, up and down, in the semidarkness, merely commented, in answer to Dee's enthusiasm, "Old race horse!"

This "old race horse," whose name was Dulciana, took Dee under her wing—if a bird as lean, gaunt, unfeathered-looking as Dulce could be said to have a wing. After a few instructions from Maxie, she showed Dee where she could park her hat, coat, suitcase. She tripled the make-up on Dee's heart-shaped face. And when Dee came off the floor, after having sung several sea chanteys, learned from her father, and a lullaby —requested, oddly enough, so Dee thought, by Maxie Meyer—it was Dulce who told her she was swell, and not to take a cent under a hundred, and not to dare breathe that it was she, Dulce, who had so advised her.

A hundred! A hundred dollars a week! Dee's head was still spinning with the thought of so much wealth when Maxie himself appeared; told her that she was so-so, that he'd give her fifty for a week's start. (That he meant her to have only a week, start and finish, unless further interesting newsworthy developments occurred in her case, he didn't tell her. But Dulce knew. And Dulce's thin back quivered now as she crawled out of an elaborately sparse ostrich-feather costume and nearly knocked Dee down in hanging it on its hook.)

"A hundred," Dee said, somewhat feebly but with sufficient promptness to cause Maxie's eyebrows to execute a nose dive.

"Seventy-five."

"A hundred."

AND Maxie, who had been hoping all along that this kid really was, as Bab Loser had assured him, a babe in arms and not under Bassett protection of any kind, agreed now to the hundred rather than start anything that might develop into difficulty. Besides, Bassett's crowd—particularly his wife's crowd—would eat this up. It was a scoop, in a way. As Bab Loser had said, no one had ever, up till now, been able to stick a finger on any kind of extraneous heartthrob for "Sir Walter" Bassett; that saintly, starched, gilded stuffed shirt —as Bab insisted that he was.

And this Deeda Mason kid, with her flower face and touch-me-not manner, was ready-made for the part. She was convincing. Not even the most cynical would doubt her after talking with her—for all that she had sprung up as sudden and as innocent as a dandelion after rain. . . . Therefore, if this kid was as Shirley Temple as she looked, then it was up to him, Maxie, to play Shirley Temple's mama and keep the wolves away. Or, better possibly, it was up to him to provide this Shirley with a mama. And if this kid was smarter than she looked, then he'd better bait the hook with a hundred. And, either way, whether she was smart or dumb, it was up to him to keep her on ice. No other exploiter

—or friendly adviser—must get at her.

With this latter precautionary measure in view, Maxie Meyer summoned Dulce, still in her scanties, out into the hall. As usual, he didn't begin with the business in hand. He had never done that, not even when he had been selling silk stockings to upper New York State mamas. He always made his point by attacking from the flank, or at least from his opponent's most vulnerable spot. In Dulce's case he had been cruel. What he told her about her age and her dancing, she would never repeat, and she would try to forget. She would always, after his talk, wear a trifle more make-up; would have her hair left under the henna pack for three minutes longer; and would try viciously hard to recapture her early youthful fine frenzy in the dance. But, above all else, she would toe the line with Maxie Meyer; she would do almost anything he asked of her.

In this instance, what Maxie commanded would not be hard to do. Summed up, it was this: Keep this Bassett gardenia on ice. She sees nobody; she's sure she has a big chance to conquer New York right here in the Front Page. (And soft-pedal the Front Page angle on account she's to think she's hired for her sweet small voice and for that alone.)

THAT was how it came about that Dulciana Foley suggested that Dee come home with her to her Greenwich Village apartment. . . . After all, Dee had just given up one room and was on the lookout for another, wasn't she? . . . And that was how Dulce helped Dee send a wire home to the family: EVERYTHING WONDERFUL HAVE BETTER CHANCE THAN RADIO WILL WRITE LOVE.

And that was how Dee found herself in an odd little hideaway off a street called MacDougal and up three flights of very dizzy stairs and into three rooms that seemed ready to precipitate themselves at any moment into the main thoroughfare. And she found herself, with a pair of Dulce's flapping bedroom slippers on, helping Dulce draft a meal.

That meal Dee was never to forget; nor the fireworks; nor the evening that followed. The preparations for the meal came before the advent of the fireworks. It happened that Dulce's fishman had told her that morning that clams were now in, at their fresh toothsome best. Therefore Dulce had bought a little cardboard container of clams. And these she proudly displayed to Dee, suggesting that, with a blurp of catchup and a couple of spears of endive, they would make a meal that any gal wanting to stay thin would gobble gustily.

But Dee, who was tired and hungry, and somehow hot-and-cold in her throat, asked Dulce if the little icebox in the apartment could produce milk, onions, potatoes, and possibly a hunk of fat salt pork. . . . It could the milk, and a box under the diminutive kitchen sink produced potatoes and

Simmer—do not boil—Frankfurts 5 to 8 minutes and serve immediately. Garnish with endive or celery and flowers made of thin cucumber slices fastened around short carrot sticks.
Good dinner, wasn't it? Joan's a clever hostess.
I must ask her where she got those wonderful big tender Frankfurts. Weren't they delicious?

IT'S THE *meat* you serve that your guests are most likely to remember and comment on. If it's something *new* . . . and outstandingly *delicious* . . . the party's a success!

Be the first in your crowd to serve Swift's Premium Frankfurts . . . in the new "dinner" size. Made of fine meats . . . seasoned to perfection . . . smoked over fragrant fires of aromatic hardwoods . . . these plump juicy links *also* have a wholly new *tenderness*.

It's done by a new method (patent pending) exclusive with Swift & Company. A brief dip in pineapple juice "tenders" the skins till they cut at the touch of a fork. Not a trace of pineapple flavor remains . . . but actually the skins *couldn't* be more tender and still retain the rich savory meat juices. Do try them soon!

Take your choice! *In addition to the big "dinner" size, your dealer has Swift's Premium Tender Frankfurts in the standard size, equally delicious. But whichever you choose, look for the "Swift's Premium" seal of finest quality.*

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SWIFT'S PREMIUM
Tender Frankfurts

Swift's spic-and-span kitchens throughout the country make many other "SWIFT'S PREMIUM" meat products, including Meat Loaf . . . Braunschweiger . . . Cervelat . . . Lunar Loaf . . . Bologna . . . Salami . . . Liver Cheese . . . Cheemeat . . . Pot Roast of Beef . . . Ham, Delicatessen Style. Look for the "SWIFT'S PREMIUM" seal of top quality!

onions. A neighbor's refrigerator produced the fat salt pork. So Dee went to work. New England clam chowder was on the way.

The tiny, cramped, gaudy apartment soon blossomed and bulged with the homely smell of onions frying in fat salt pork. Next it became delectable with the exquisite assaulting but delicate pungence of clams simmering in butter and a modicum of pork fat. Then the soothing fragrance of creamy milk, holding down and making one all the other olfactory manifestations, pervaded the trio of rooms. And at last, to this meadowy milky smell Dee added the now hot butter-simmered clams. The resultant challenging aroma slipped softly out into the restricted milieu.

It made Dulce—who was drinking gin and bitters—feel that life had a promise beyond the Maxie worms; and it made Dee—who had refused Dulce's offer of gin—remember the smell of low tide drifting up from Mason's Cove at twilight, and of the pale blue of the veins in mother's hands as she served up the family chowder.

It was while this strangely ill-assorted pair—Dee and Dulce—were hovering in happy peace over their second bowls of chowder that the fireworks began. When Dee heard the first sharp crack, she jumped. But Dulce merely fished for a milky clam.

"IT'S the Italians," she explained to Dee. "They blow off steam every now and then. Some saint's day." Dee, eager and interested, ran to the window. Temporarily the rain had ceased. A gala procession was passing along the wetly shining street. A huge plaster figure of a saint was being carried on a platform on the shoulders of many men. Dollar bills were pinned all over the saint's colorful robes, and from time to time jubilant worshipers would run out from the crowd-lined curbing and fasten still more bills to the traveling treasure.

Dee hung out the window, fascinated, flushed of cheek, starry of eye. In all the other windows along the street she could see people beaming on the parade. And from some of the windows celebrants, who were well on the way to being high, were tossing lighted sparklers with fine abandon down into the thoroughfare. Some of these sputtered and died in the streaming gutters; but others were retrieved by little youngsters who held them aloft and ran about in joyous bacchanalian circles.

It was all new and picturesque and foreign to Dee. And the sight of the childlike, happily worshipful crowd stirred her. "It doesn't matter what people believe, does it," she called to Dulce, "so long as they believe something prettier than they are!"

Dulce stared at Dee's back, then sighed. This kid really was sweet! And she didn't belong here. She was a lamb among wolves. At first Dulce hadn't believed that Dee could be as innocent as Maxie had seemed to think; but now she was sure of it. This kid—no matter what she was or wasn't to Walter Bassett (and Dulce was inclined to doubt the insinuations in that story)—honestly thought she'd been hired by Maxie Meyer for her *voice*, her sweet little dime-a-dozen voice! Dulce, looking almost tenderly now at Dee's red-brown curly hair, was tempted to warn her of the set-up. But she knew what Maxie would do if she did!

So Dulce conquered her friendly impulse and merely said, "Hey, come in out of that window! Want to catch yourself a swell cold? And we better get going. You haven't tried on your costumes yet or anything."

DEE'S costume was her first shock of the evening. It was scarcely more than a sailor collar attached to a brassiere, plus a pair of very short shorts. She refused to wear it until Dulce remedied it by having the wardrobe woman add a large flowing sailor tie, which covered most of the hiatus in front. Maxie thought it stupidly squeamish of Dee—and said so—to make such a fuss over nothing; but as she refused to sign the "first week's" contract until the costume was fixed, he could only agree.

And even with the tie, it still took all Dee's nerve to make her go out into that blinding spotlight after the fanfare of trumpets announced her entrance.

Dee hadn't heard her introduction, because the master of ceremonies finished it with a flourish: "And here is the little lady herself, the sweetheart of—Cape Cod!" just as she came running on. She was surprised at the big hand that the audience gave her. It helped her, however, even as the glare of the spotlight helped—in that it made the audience almost completely invisible to her.

As Dee began to sing, Blow the Man Down, Sailor, she felt as though she were standing on a small bright island surrounded by a restless black sea. Or felt as though she were on the lighted deck of a ship—the Emeralda. No! All day she had been resolutely working at forgetting the Emeralda and Walter. A new life had begun for her tonight, she told herself, and she was going to make good at it. A life that could never touch his, a life that wasn't what she would have chosen—this tinsel club, Maxie the gangsterish, this costume! But it was a beginning, and it was giving her a chance to sing. *And she was going to be a success!*

When she sped off the floor, accompanied by a rollicking thunder of applause interspersed with a few raucous cheers, she was amazed at the hit she had evidently made. She gasped to Dulce, who was waiting with the wardrobe woman to help her speedily into her encore costume, "I never believed I could be *that* good!"

Dulce said nothing, but a cord in her thin neck tightened. She merely patted Dee's naked shoulder and gave her a good-natured push back toward the spotlight.

This time Dee, looking like a cross between Scarlett O'Hara and the Greatest Mother of Them All, sang a little Finnish lullaby to a cradle. The cradle hadn't been there during the rehearsal, so Dee was a trifle bewildered. She was more bewildered when the audience seemed to think her song awfully funny. And she was completely at sea when they roared as the master of ceremonies solemnly stepped forward and took two rag dolls from the cradle. Dee stared at the M. C., blinked at the invisible audience, shrugged her shoulders in honest befuddlement, and fled.

As she sped to the dressing room, Maxie slapped her on the bare back. "It wowed 'em!" he said, chuckling.

Dee was glad she had "wowed" them; but she realized, as she sank down on a cot in the dressing room and pulled a coat about her, that she was suddenly frightfully tired, and cold with a tingly hot-and-coldness. But the excitement burning in her surmounted every other sensation. It was leaping flame.

Her eyes shone with its glow as she exclaimed to Dulce, who was yanking her ostrich feathers into place, "I never dreamed that I'd be this successful right away!"

"H'mmm," Dulce murmured. "Well, you better lie down and rest for the midnight show. You look feverish." She whirled out for her own dance number.

Dee, grateful to Dulce, snuggled down on the cot under a velvet drapery that had once been used in a magic act. She felt excited and tired and expectant.

What happened in the next minute, however, was as unexpected to Dee as probably anything on earth could have been. She heard a swift commotion at the door, and Chub Davis burst in! The back-entrance watchman was following him futilely, waving a five-dollar bill—which he suddenly looked at, pocketed practically as Chub barged into Dee's dressing room, and then disappeared.

CHUB, looking distraught, pale, angry, wasted no time at all on the social amenities. "Look," he blurted out. "You can't do this! It's the last thing in the world I'd have thought any one like you would do! But it just goes to show—"

Dee, sitting up in horrified bewilderment, holding the velvet drapery about her, demanded, "What, please, are you talking about?"

But Chub merely groaned, blinked his eyes behind the thick glasses, plunged on: "No matter what you're after—what you hope to get out of this—no matter what they're paying you, you can't do this to Walter!"

At last Dee is to discover why Maxie hired her! What will she do? Will Chub—and will Walter—ever believe that she really didn't know what she was getting into? Faced with the truth, Dee makes a sudden and courageous decision. Follow the story in Liberty next week.

nor always to the Proud

The flaming story of a man's deadly hate and a woman's shining love

"You are in danger!" she had cried out fearfully.

BY ACHMED ABDULLAH

READING TIME • 26 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

HE was turning the corner of Fifth Avenue when a voice bade him good morning in Turkish:

"*Sabahlar khair olsoum!*"

Joseph Gabriel stopped, looked up. He gave a start.

Momentarily the unexpected sight of those black, hooded eyes—for, later on, he insisted that he was conscious of them before he recognized the rest of the features: the thin nose breaking away bold and hawkish, the high cheekbones that seemed to crack beneath the pressure of the ruddy leathery skin, the compressed lips, and the flagging combative chin—momentarily the unexpected sight of those chilly eyes threw him off his guard. It conquered in him the long habit of self-control which he had acquired in a lifetime of tight, lean bargaining, of piling cents on cents and dollars on dollars.

"Oh," he mumbled—"you . . .?"

"Yes"—slowly—"I."

Joseph Gabriel caught his breath sharply. His round pleasant friendly features were marked by an expression of almost ludicrous alarm. His pinkish button of a nose crinkled and sniffled like that of a scared rabbit. His jaw felt swollen, out of joint. His pudgy hands fluttered nervously.

He was not brave. He was well aware of the fact. Nor was he ashamed of it. To his prosy, sublimely practical mind, reckless courage was an alien and incomprehensible trait, and he was too honest a man to find fascination in anything which he was unable to understand.

Yet it was one thing to be afraid, and quite another to show it. To show fear—experience had taught him—was bad for business, as it encouraged your competitor, thereby giving him a certain advantage. So, with an effort, he pulled himself together and greeted Mehmet Riza with his usual faintly ironic ease of manner.

The Turk's reply was courteous. He added:

"Must have been all of thirty years since we saw each other."

Joseph Gabriel inclined his head.

Oh, yes, he thought; nearly thirty years . . .

THAT had been in his small Anatolian home town of Ayakund, and he had been strolling down a narrow crooked odorous alley beyond the mosque of Sidi-el-Haloui, a glorious old building raised on its wide marble steps as on a base, piercing the domed pigeon-blue sky with the pride and

(Continued on page 36)

HOW TO *Celebrate* A *Great Occasion*

WILL CUPPY EXPLORES A MERE 2500 YEARS OF HISTORY AND GIVES YOU THE BENEFIT OF HIS DISCOVERIES[1]

Illustrated by CHARLES ADDAMS

MAN IS the only animal that celebrates. You never saw a horse handing out cigars to the other horses to polish off a great occasion. Or if you did, it was a most unusual horse.

But man knows a big moment when he sees one, and he does something about it—often in ways that seem a bit odd at first glance.

Look how Cleopatra behaved when she met Mark Antony at Tarsus in 41 B. C. and started all that talk. She dissolved a pearl worth somewhere around $375,000 in vinegar and drank it, so they say.[2] The trouble with that sort of thing is that it costs you $375,000 besides the vinegar—and you finally run out of pearls. Most of us couldn't afford it.[3]

Or take the Emperor Vitellius, who entered Rome in triumph A. D. 69, after defeating one Otho. What did *he* do to celebrate his good fortune? He just ate and ate, mostly flamingo tongues. He once had 1500 of them served in a single dish and was ready for more the next meal. Those were dark days for flamingos.

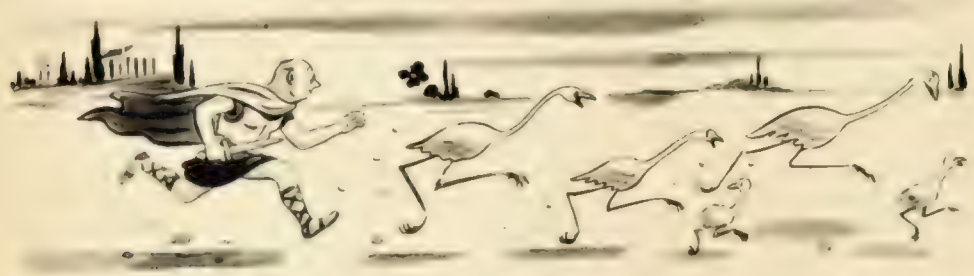
Milo of Crotona carried a four-year-old bull on his shoulders the length of the stadium at the Olympic Games back in the sixth century B. C., establishing a world's record for the event and sending his name down the ages.[4] Do you know how he broke training? Well, he killed the poor bull, cooked it, and *ate* it—which strikes me as no way to treat a pal. I suppose it seemed like a good idea at the time.

A much more elegant feast was thought up by Messer Marco Polo, his father, and his uncle to mark their return to Venice in 1295 after years of absence in far Cathay. At the proper moment the three appeared in their ragged garments, slit the seams, and released streams of diamonds, rubies, sapphires and such, thus proving to all concerned, including some snooty cousins, that they were genuine Polos and relatives worth having. Some comeback, I'd call it.[5]

Which brings us to that grand old American, Benjamin Franklin, and how he celebrated certain advances in science in the year 1750. He decided to kill the Christmas turkey by means of the latest thing, electricity, and proceeded to do so for the edification of a circle of friends.[6] In all the excitement, Dr. Franklin forgot to let go of something and the current missed the bird completely, giving our hero one of the shocks of his life. The joke, it seems, was not on the turkey.

Marco brings home the jewels

By the way, I wonder what Shakespeare did when he finished one of his little pieces—say "Hamlet". *There* was something to celebrate! Aren't there tales of the Mermaid Tavern, where he and Ben Jonson and those fellows hung out when they knocked off work? (No, I am not comparing Shakespeare with any minor author of today. I'm just wondering.)



[1] *Mr. Cuppy is the author of "How To Be a Hermit" and "How To Tell Your Friends From the Apes," so he must be an expert on such matters.*

[2] *Some historians hold that it is impossible to dissolve a pearl of that size in a cup of vinegar, but none of them seems to have tried it.*

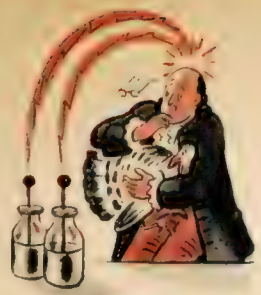
[3] *Later, Mark and Cleo went in for less expensive larks. Disguised in old clothes, they'd pound on doors after nightfall, and then run. That's more like the real thing.*

[4] *He had lugged the animal around every day since it was a tiny calf, so he never noticed how hefty it was growing —a smart trick, if ever I heard of one!*

[5] *I've always wanted to throw a party like that, but I'm afraid it wouldn't work out. I don't shed diamonds.*

[6] *Speaking of Dr. Franklin and his kite, isn't it strange that less than 200 years ago people didn't know that lightning was electricity? Seems as though anybody ought to know that!*

s for me, when finish this arti- e, I am going raight to the tchen. And gen- y lift the cap om a cool, rown bottle of hlitz A. D. 1940. nd drink it. If I



Shocking to Dr. Franklin

ad Will Shakespeare here with me now, d be glad to pour him a frosty beaker. Or, if it could be arranged, I'd like to hiz back through time to the Mer- aid and do the honors there with the eer for Great Occasions. I'd like to k Will what he thought of Schlitz, after his experience with that harsh Elizabethan brew, and I'm pretty sure what his answer would be. It would be pure poetry.

I might explain to the Bard how the superior science of our day has played its part in making Schlitz the delight it certainly is. There's a special Schlitz process that takes air out of the bottle a moment before the beer pours in, so that this noble beverage retains its original freshness and glorious flavor right up to the moment you drink it. Oh, boy!

And while I was about it, I'd also ask Mr. Shakespeare whether or not Hamlet was really mad. Personally, I don't think he was.

William Shakespeare and the author celebrate a Great Occasion by splitting a couple of aristocratic bottles of Schlitz.

By its new cream, brown and gold label you'll recognize it at once as America's most distinguished bottle of beer.

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JOS. SCHLITZ BREWING COMPANY
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

For Great Occasions

AN EVEN FINER SCHLITZ

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

(Continued from page 33)
thrust of its four minarets, its enormous horseshoe gateway covered with majolica tiles in elfin green and peacock green and mauve and deep rose and bearing an ornate Koranic text. "In the name of Allah, the One, King of the Day of Judgment!" read the inscription. He remembered it; remembered how always he had feared it—he and his Syrian countrymen and, too, the other Christian residents, Armenians and Greeks, thus persecuted for the sake of faith no less than of race—as something terribly pious and terribly sardonic, since it expressed the harsh, arrogant creed of their Moslem masters, who ruled them and robbed them and beat them, and who at times killed them, because of the sport of it. For those had been the old days, the bitter, unhappy days of the sultans, before the aftermath of the World War had brought a decent measure of freedom and justice to Turkey's racial minorities.

But, on that far-off afternoon, Joseph Gabriel had not flinched, though Mehmet Riza had stopped square and massive in his path, mouthing curses and insults and threats. Indeed, the Syrian had smiled.

"CURSE me all you want to," he had said. "Insult me all you want to. Only—in this matter of threats—be pleased to consider that the drum which booms most loudly is filled with wind."

The other's eyes had narrowed into slits. Here—by the Prophet the Adored!—was insolence. Rank insolence on the lips of a Syrian, a Christian.

He had taken a step forward.

"What's that?" he had demanded incredulously, his fist toying with the hilt of his dagger.

Joseph Gabriel had stood his ground.

"Oh, yes," he had continued, his smile broadening. "You are who you are—a Moslem, an Osmanli, a great lord and the son of a great lord, while I am . . ."

"A goat cheese at high noon! A pig with a pig's heart!"

"If you say so, *effendim*. Yet perhaps a pig with tusks? Or, rather, with ears . . .?" His voice had dropped to a mocking confidential purr. "Keen ears that can hear through walls—such walls, for instance, as between my shop and the back room of Fahim Ali's coffeehouse—last Thursday night, when you were there and . . ."

"Oh"—in a choked, frightened whisper—"be quiet!"

Joseph Gabriel had laughed softly. He had stood there, staring at the other with tranquil and cynical interest, watching the ruddy face turn pale, the black eyes become wide and glassy.

"There are some things," he had resumed, "which the Sultan will not forgive—not even in a Moslem, an Osmanli, a great lord and the son of a great lord—although," in that same mocking, confidential purr, "seeing who you are, he may have you strangled with a silken cord instead of a leather bowstring."

"The Sultan," Mehmet Riza had stammered, "will not believe the testimony of an infidel."

"On the other hand, being a nervous man, so nervous and so suspicious, he may. Who can tell?" And a few more words, sibilant, staccato. And suddenly Mehmet Riza had sheathed his dagger and had walked rapidly down the street, while Joseph Gabriel had returned to his humble home in the Quarter of the Syrian Traders.

There he had spoken to his pretty young wife.

"Moonbeam," he had said, for that was Aziza's nickname, she being so slim and white, "we are going away from here. No later than next week. First to Greece, and, after a while, to America. I have relatives there."

"Going away . . .? But," she had argued, "you just opened your new shop."

"I shall have to sell it," he had sighed, "doubtless at a loss."

"Then why . . .?"

"Because of Mehmet Riza."

"You are in danger!" she had cried out fearfully. "And yet—you told me you had the whip hand."

"Oh, yes. I have—today. Today we exchanged threats, and," with a little smile, "he feared mine more than I feared his. But some day, the man being reckless, therefore a fool, his hate for me and his passion for you—indeed the two are one and the same—will vanquish his fear. And on that day I—since I am *not* a fool—shall not be here. Nor shall you."

Still his wife had hesitated.

"Why not carry out your threat?" she had suggested. "Send word to the Sultan?"

"That Mehmet Riza is intriguing with the revolutionary party? Perhaps the Sultan will believe me. Perhaps not. And, even suppose he does, what about Mehmet Riza's brothers and cousins and friends? Will they not seek revenge? No, no, Moonbeam. I am a man of peace."

SO, on the following Tuesday, they had left Ayakund. Thirty years ago. And now Joseph Gabriel saw Mehmet Riza again—Mehmet Riza, whom he had almost forgotten—and they shook hands, smiling at each other politely and falsely.

They were both carefully dressed—the Syrian in neat pin-stripe worsted, derby, well polished shoes that showed half an inch of black silk hose, and sober dark-gray necktie in which twinkled an unobtrusive emerald; the Turk in Harris tweeds, glossy cordovan brogues, and borsolino hat worn at an angle. Both, at least outwardly, epitomized the influence of Occident over Orient; and nobody, in that motley New York crowd which coiled about them, could have guessed that here, in modest worsted and smart tweeds, was tragedy. Tragedy that had started, three decades earlier, in a one-horse Turkish town with two men loving the same girl; that had faded out in a gliding, ironic warning about the Sultan's red rage and a humble Syrian trader's Odyssey from a mud-chinked Anatolian hut to a gleaming Fifth Avenue shop. Tragedy that, by the same token, had started long centuries earlier, when copper-faced, hook-nosed raiders led by their iron-capped chiefs, had galloped out of the Central Asian steppes to be met by submissiveness—the baffling submissiveness of the placid Semitic Near East, the submissiveness of a rubber ball that jumps back into place the moment you remove the pressure of your hand, the submissiveness of a race that, being wise and old, prefers the evening meal of rice and onions and skewered bits of mutton to epic, clanking heroics.

FOR a second or two Joseph Gabriel wondered—and shivered slightly at the thought—if Mehmet Riza's perfectly tailored coat might hide the glimmer of steel. Then he reconsidered. This was New York, and the noon hour, and the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street; youthful, shrill, but filled with warm, tame safety.

"I hope I see you well?" he asked in stilted, precise Turkish, lighting a gold-tipped cigarette with fingers that were quite steady.

"Thank you. I'm in excellent health. And yourself?"

"Nothing to complain of."

"And"—Mehmet Riza went on; and beneath the gentle accents the other could feel the hard unfaltering resolve of hate emerging from the dim shadows of thirty years into new brazen freedom—"the Moonbeam?"

"Is the Moonbeam no longer."

"Oh—you mean she . . .?"

"No, no. She is alive and happy. But—alas!—she has become Madame Full Moon. She has grown exceedingly fat." He paused. "Age," he continued didactically, "fattens all—softens all. All and everything." His voice trembled a little as he reiterated: "All—and everything." Then, rather anxiously, his head on one side, with a patient and inquiring glance at the other: "Don't you think so?"

Mehmet Riza coughed.

"Not everything," he replied.

"So there are exceptions?" came the meek query.

"Indeed." A light eddied up in the black, hooded eyes. "A sword, a stone—and an Osmanli."

Joseph Gabriel dropped his cigarette. He put his fingers together nervously, tip against tip. He sighed; went on after a while:

"You have recently come to America?"

"No. I've been here a number of years. I live in Washington, though I travel about. The Turkish government sent me, to study trade conditions. I am in high favor with the government. Naturally. After all," with the ghost of a smile curling his thin lips, "you yourself know, none better, that I have always sympa-

thizc with the revolutionary party which rules today."

"And which, I believe, has given freedom and justice to all, including Syrians, Christians?"

"But not excluding the right to hate, to seek revenge."

"Then—you have not forgotten?"

"No."

"The Moonbeam, I repeat, has grown exceedingly fat."

"The Moonbeam once upon a time was lovely and exquisite. I have never forgotten that but for you . . ."

"Tell me, *effendim*," interrupted the other, a little diffidently, although quite matter-of-fact, like a bazaar trader who is not yet sure of the size of his customer's purse and must therefore bargain circumspectly. "Is there no way to make you forget?"

"Assuredly there is."

"Oh"—as diffidently as before—"a matter of money?"

"No."

"I was afraid," muttered Joseph Gabriel, "that your answer would be in the negative."

"Then why ask? Pah"—contemptuously—"always the Syrian, the huckster! Always ready to haggle, even when you know it's hopeless!"

"And you—dear saints—always the Osmanli, the man of iron! Always so hard, so relentless!"

Mehmet Riza turned to go.

"I am glad," he remarked with grim irony, "that I ran across you."

"I," was the honest rejoinder, "am not."

Mehmet Riza laughed.

"I suppose," he inquired slowly, "your address is in the telephone book?"

"What's the good of lying if the other can find out the truth?"

"No good at all."

The Syrian shrugged his shoulders. It seemed a hopeless, fatalistic gesture. He said:

"I—I'm thinking of leaving town almost immediately, to be gone quite a while."

"As, so suddenly, you left town thirty years ago and were gone quite a while—eh?" A pause. "My friend, has it ever occurred to you that even the fleetest horse cannot escape its own tail?"

Joseph Gabriel gave a little shudder. He looked about him like a cornered mouse. Then he saw the crowd. The American crowd. The brawny, stolid Irish cop at the corner. Safety. Law and order. . . .

He said, "This isn't Turkey. Turkey of the old days. This is America."

"And I know America well. I know"—and there was a wink in the black eyes—"shall I say—ah—American ways and means?"

Again Mehmet Riza laughed. He strolled along toward Sixth Avenue, while Joseph Gabriel looked after him with a rather comical expression of devout concentration on his round pink face, clasping and unclasping his short fingers.

HE was very much afraid. He was only a Syrian huckster—he considered—though the receiving teller at the Hudson National Bank purred civilly over his deposit slips.

And the other? An Osmanli. An aristocrat. A man of superior race. A sharp hatchet of a man who carved his way through life. Why—even the Turk's back, beneath the beautifully tailored tweeds, gave an impression of steely, ruthless strength and speed. Chiefly speed. A panther's speed, pouncing and reckless.

And yet—he reflected a second later—was it not possible for a man to be too ruthless and speedy for his own good, too sure of himself, too prone to strike out on the sharp unthinking spur of the moment? A reckless man at times was blinded by his own courage, whereas another man, less brave and more shrewd, might . . .

He broke off his thoughts. He giggled.

"I am glad," he said to himself, "that I am not reckless nor, by the same token, a fool. . . . Oh—I beg your pardon!" as, his head sunk on his chest, he bumped into an indignant matron who came from a department store, her plump arms crowded with bargains.

"Goodness! Can't you see where you're going?"

When Martha Scott, Broadway Theatrical star, was chosen to co-star with . . .

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A bundle dropped. Joseph Gabriel bent to pick it up. So did the woman. He straightened up again and, in the process, butted her chin with a round face that was earnestly and pathetically apologetic.

Another bundle dropped. People stopped, snickered, nudged each other. The woman suppressed unwomanly words. Joseph Gabriel decided to go away from there.

"Ah," he continued in his mind as he went on his way, "blessed be the Lord for not giving me courage! For is there a better protection, a keener foresight, than fear?"

And, head erect, he walked along toward his shop, that faced Fifth Avenue, beneath an enormous sign bearing his name in braggart baroque gilt letters, with a profusion of Asia's choicest wares—dim, precious things—bronzes mellowed with the patina of the swinging centuries and embroideries and white and green and amber jade; kakemonos in sepia and gold and pigeon-gray, on which the brush of an artist long since dead had traced the marvels of some capital of the Ashikaga dynasty; koto harps with plectrums of carved ivory; silver-inlaid weapons of Moor and Kurd, Persian and Bokharan and Afghan; enameled Jaipur trays; but mostly porcelains. Ancient priceless porcelains of all periods and all Oriental lands.

He loved porcelains. They represented to him more than money, more than success. Somehow—for there *was* his fabulous Odyssey from a mud-chinked Anatolian hut to a gleaming Fifth Avenue shop and American citizenship—these porcelains were to him the apex of his life; the full, richly flavored sweetness of his achievement. And he often gently teased the Moonbeam who had become Madame Full Moon, because, in their Sullivan Street flat, she preferred to eat her evening meal from heavy American stoneware with a border of improbable forget-me-nots.

"GOOD morning," he said as he crossed the threshold of his shop.

"Good morning, sir," was the answering chorus from the half dozen Syrian clerks, while his chief salesman, Daoud Lahada, stepped forward and told him that an hour or two earlier his good customer Mrs. Peter Van Sandt, had come in and bargained about that pale-blue Sassanide bowl with the pattern of conventionalized peacocks.

"I asked two thousand for it," said Daoud Lahada. "She offered fifteen hundred. Then sixteen hundred. Finally sixteen hundred and fifty. She left in a huff. Shall I telephone her and . . .?"

"By no means. She will be back tomorrow—or the day after. She can have the bowl for eighteen hundred and fifteen dollars." He looked at it lovingly where it reposed behind glass on white velvet. "A noble and beautiful piece—worthy of a sultan."

He was about to take up a sheaf of letters marked personal that awaited his perusal on a table at the back of the shop. Then, suddenly, he again addressed Daoud Lahada.

"I've changed my mind," he went on. "The bowl is not for sale. Put it in my small safe. One of these days, if a certain thing should be pleasantly accomplished, I may use the bowl myself"—he laughed softly—"for my evening mutton and rice."

The clerks exchanged surprised glances; and one, a relative, thus privileged, quoted an Anatolian proverb in a heavy whisper:

"In the estimation of some people their cotton drawers are equivalent to a pasha's silken breeches of state."

Joseph Gabriel overheard.

"They are, cousin," was his smiling reply, "in comfort—and durability."

He turned and bowed low before a customer who had come in, and during the rest of the afternoon there was in his timid soul hardly a thought of his old enemy. For business, after all, was business. It was the serious aspect of existence. More serious than death—or the threat and danger of death.

SO half past five came. He was the last, as always, to leave the shop.

The weather was warm. He decided to walk; and, as he walked, his thoughts returned to Mehmet Riza.

There was, in a desk drawer of his private office, a revolver. Should he go back and get it?

He shook his head. He was afraid of firearms; had never as much as held one in his hand.

Or should he go to the police, or consult Morgan O'Gorman, his attorney?

And what good would that do?

How could he accuse the other, a well bred gentleman in the service of his country? And of what—precisely? Could he make people believe in this fantastic tale of Turkey of thirty years ago? Could he make them believe that he and Mehmet Riza had been in love with the same girl, that she had preferred the humble Syrian to the Osmanli aristocrat and that the latter had sworn vengeance? Could he make them believe that, having overheard a conversation which had drifted in from Fahim Ali's coffee-house, he had had the whip hand by threatening exposure of Mehmet Riza's revolutionary intrigues to the Sultan, and that a few days later, considering discretion the better part of valor, he had left Turkey and ultimately come to America? Could he make them believe that today, after three decades had passed, he had met Mehmet Riza again—Mehmet Riza, who was, as he had always been, ruthless, vengeful, a—oh, yes—a killer?

No, no! He could imagine what Morgan O'Gorman would say:

"Forget it, old man! Either you're pulling my leg, or you've seen too many B pictures. Come on out—and I'll let you buy me a double Scotch."

He sighed. He walked along; reached Lower Fifth Avenue.

Mehmet Riza—he was sure—would

act with that pouncing, heedless speed of his. The more so since, maybe, he believed what Joseph Gabriel had told him: that he was thinking of leaving town almost immediately. And he had *wanted* the other to believe him, so as to bring things to a quick issue instead of having to wait for the blow.

Better the blow than the waiting. The agony and fear of waiting. Besides, one could ward off a blow, if one knew when it would strike . . .

Would it strike, perhaps, tonight? And—*how* would it strike?

He remembered Mehmet Riza's words:

"I know—shall I say—ah—American ways and means?"

Grim, sardonic words — that meant . . .

He jumped sideways as, crossing Washington Square's darkening shadows, he heard a thin rustling noise. The next second he coughed apologetically. It had just been a dim stir of torn bits of paper whirled about by a vagabond wind.

He pulled himself together.

Nervousness—he considered—interfered with business. And he had to have his wits about him, as tomorrow he was going to attend the Trelekian auction sale of Chinese antiques, and there was a jade temple garniture which he intended buying, provided the price was right. . . .

He thought again of Mehmet Riza's grim words. Foolish words—since they told a tale. After all, he knew American ways and means—*certain* American ways and means—as well as the other. And he would use this knowledge, provided his guess was correct. . . .

He came to Sullivan Street. His Italian man of all work was sprawling on the stoop of the old-fashioned brownstone house.

"Joe," he told him, "I may have a visitor—quite late. Leave the outer door open."

Joseph Gabriel went up the stairs.

THE Moonbeam was setting the table for dinner. Slowly, sweetly she smiled at him as she had smiled at him nightly, when he came back from business, these thirty years. She noticed that he was nervous.

"Anything the matter?" she asked.

"Oh—" He answered metaphorically with a proverb of the old country, easing his plump body into a comfortable rocking chair: "The jackal howls in the distance—yet my caravan passes."

She did not reply. Nor was she worried.

For she knew her husband. For thirty years she had lived in intimate daily alliance with him, physically and psychically. She knew that he was a one-idea man who always surrendered completely to the eventual aim and object of his plodding, patient, persistent, slightly nagging decision; who possessed, at the core of his meek soul, a tremendous, almost pagan capacity to resolve his mind in his desire, and his desire in the actual

"Whose Vacation Is This, Anyway?"

CAMPING out is fun—if it doesn't last too long. We speak of "roughing it" and brag about the hardships entailed. But only a few years ago it wasn't considered a hardship to live this way. It was the only way most people had to live.

The tin washtub, for instance. It did duty Monday mornings and Saturday nights, and the water was heated in the reservoir at the back of the wood-burning range. Splitting the wood was good exercise—but it was no fun to get up in the middle of cold nights to keep the fire going. And the feeble kerosene lamps, though better than candles, had to be continually cleaned and filled.

Sometimes we have to "rough it" to realize the improvements time has brought—many of them through electricity. Not only electric lights, and automatic heat, and electric appliances to make housekeeping easier, but also automobiles, better roads, better coats and dresses.

Wherever electricity has been put to work in industry, it has brought us better-quality and lower-cost products. And because General Electric scientists, engineers, and skilled workmen are finding still more ways to make electricity useful, we can look forward to still higher living standards in America—to the continued creation of More Goods for More People at Less Cost.

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practical deed. Yes—she knew him. And never, since the day of their marriage, had she doubted either his wisdom or his kindliness; had never envied the American-born Syrian women of her acquaintance their flaunting, scolding, naked freedom; had ever been satisfied to follow the rule of the old country—outside of household matters, where she reigned supreme—to take no step and to arrive at no conclusion of her own initiative.

Joseph was in trouble. Business trouble, without a doubt. Very well. He would conquer it. He always did. What was there to worry about?

So, dinner over, she busied her fat, clever little hands with the sweater which she was knitting for him, while he prepared his *narghile*, his water pipe. Another sign—she knew—that he was nervous. For usually he preferred Virginian cigarettes, and smoked the long-stemmed pipe only when he needed soothing.

It soothed him tonight.

"Ah!" he sighed contentedly as he inhaled the aromatic fumes.

In silence he finished his pipe; refilled it. Presently he spoke:

"Moonbeam!"

"Yes . . .?"

She leaned forward across the table. Her wrinkled ivory-white old face, framed by great smooth wings of gray hair, loomed up in the ring of light from the electric lamp.

"There is no flavor in all the world," he said, "like that of a water pipe—an ancient water pipe burned black with a thousand and ten thousand smokes. . . ." He halted; went on a little self-consciously: "As there is no love in all the world like our love, Moonbeam—burned deep and strong with a thousand and ten thousand days of mutual knowledge and trust."

HE rose. So did she. She put her arms about him.

They were rather ludicrous, those two. Fat, crinkled, old. Standing there, holding each other close, in the center of the neat little room. With the lights of Sullivan Street winking through the well washed window curtains, the symphony of downtown New York skirling in with a tawdry, hiccupy chorus.

Yes. Ludicrous, that scene.

And ludicrous, perhaps, the Moonbeam's words, in guttural Syrian:

"Truly, truly, all the real world is enclosed for me in your heart."

He smiled.

"And once," he said, "you could have been the bride of a great Osmanli lord."

She gave a girlish high-pitched little laugh.

"Once," she replied, "the ass went seeking for horns—and lost its ears." She patted his cheeks. "I am a fat old woman. A fat, useless old woman. But—I'm *your* woman."

He kissed her.

"Small Moonbeam," he whispered. "Small, small Moonbeam . . ."

It was the voice of thirty years ago, stammering, passionate, tender. He held her very close. Then, unhurriedly, he released her; and, unhurriedly, she returned to her chair and took up her knitting.

For a long while they did not speak. Time went on its way. She yawned; got up.

"I'm going to bed. Are you coming?"

"Not yet. I," he said as he had to the Italian man of all work, "may have a visitor—quite late."

"Shall I prepare refreshments?"

"Don't bother. It's a business call."

She went to bed. He sat down near the window and looked out.

Sullivan Street was deserted, silent. To the south the skyscrapers stood sharply and threateningly, like gloomy sentinels silhouetted against the drab horizon. Once in a while a motorcar barked sardonically in the distance. The squeaking, grating tread of a lonely night wanderer, shuffling on patched shoes, passed into the memory of sound.

Then silence again. The stark, humming, vibrating silence of a great city asleep. Joseph Gabriel listened intently to this silence; stared into it. Listened and stared.

The minutes ticktocked along. The hours.

The street lamps glowed with dim ineffectual yellow. The sun was still far below the firmament. But—forerunner of coming day—a small slow wind walked high among the chimney pots and flagpoles and water towers. Another hour or two, and there would be morning—and, if he had guessed correctly, no more waiting in agony of fear. . . .

Almost he fell asleep, when suddenly a faint noise startled him wide awake. Somebody was softly climbing the stairs.

Joseph Gabriel sat up straight. His mouth felt dry, his eyes bulged and smarted, as on that afternoon, a good many years ago, when he had paid twelve thousand dollars for a pair of Yung-chêng vases. Twelve thousand—every cent he had had in the bank.

"Blessed saints protect me!" he stammered—for he was not brave—as the door opened.

A MAN stood on the threshold, revolver in hand. A short, wiry, rather too elegantly dressed young man with curly brown hair and amazingly beautiful eyes in a deadwhite egg-shaped face. He talked out of the corner of his mouth, that was cruelly thin, yet scarlet with sensuousness.

"Get a move on, Jack," he said, "and don't make a noise! You and me are going for a ride—see . . .?"

Joseph Gabriel got up slowly. Oh, yes! He had guessed correctly. Had guessed correctly—so far. . . .

He felt his hair rise as if drawn by a shivery wind. He swallowed hard.

"I"—he whispered—"I want to ask you something."

"Yeah . . .?"

"You have no personal rancor against me?"

"Personal rancor? Don't know you—do I?"

"Then why . . .?"

"Oh—" The red mouth twisted in an ugly little smile. "Matter of business—see . . .?" And impatiently, the pistol describing a significant half-circle: "Cut out the gab, Jack! Get a move on!"

"One moment—please! You said—matter of business. In other words—somebody . . ."

"Let's name no names. But—somebody is right."

"And this somebody — how much . . .?"

"Eh?"—astonished.

"Tell me! How much?"

"O. K. Five hundred bucks."

The Syrian laughed gently.

"Five hundred?" he echoed. "No more than five hundred?" Barter and trade—he thought—was not barter and trade the essence of life, the salt and spice of life? "Here, my friend!" His voice was now quite steady. Steady was the hand with which he drew a thick roll of bills from his pocket. "Here are six hundred dollars—and yet another hundred—and yet another fifty. Go back and—ah—take *him* for a ride—him who sent you." . . .

And a few minutes later he said to his wife, who had awakened:

"The little business matter has been pleasantly settled."

"I'm glad," she mumbled sleepily.

"And—Moonbeam . . ."

"Yes . . .?"

"Tomorrow I shall eat my evening meal from a precious pale-blue Sassanide bowl with a pattern of conventionalized peacocks."

"Well"—her reply was just the least bit ill-humored—"you'll have to wash it yourself. You're always so fussy about your fine porcelain!"

And she turned on her side and went back to sleep.

THE END

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"He picked up a mass of papers and photographs, flung them in my face."

UPSTAIRS AND DOWN IN Hitler's House

BY PAULINE KOHLER

READING TIME • 19 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

PART FOUR—HITLER'S LOVE

OF this particular story, I can only say that it was told to me on three different occasions by three different people—one a Nazi of high rank—and that I know the girl did exist and did commit suicide.

Her name was Geli Raubal and she was the daughter of Hitler's half sister. She was nineteen when Hitler first met her in 1921. He fell head over heels in love with her. She liked him, but her liking never blossomed into love. Adolf, then only Member Number Seven of the National Socialist Labor Party, began to neglect his political work. He failed to turn up at meetings, preferring to spend his evenings walking in the Munich parks arm in arm with slim dark-haired Geli. His days were spent in writing passionate letters.

The family disliked the idea of Hitler marrying his stepniece. And although Geli was flattered by his love and had a real affection for him, she felt she could not marry him. Yet she dared not tell him so. Already she felt what millions of others have since come to know—that Hitler cannot have his wishes slighted.

On December 3, 1921, she said good night to Hitler at the door of her home. Half inarticulate with desire, he put his arms round her and rained passionate kisses on her upturned mouth. Finally she broke away and ran indoors.

In the safety and peace of her own room, she wrote a letter to him, telling him that she could not marry him. She slipped out with it to the post—then, when she returned, locked herself in and turned on the gas.

She was dead when they found her

next morning. It nearly drove Hitler to suicide. Gradually he recovered. But until he came to power, he never loved another woman.

After Hitler did come to power, Goebbels soon resolved that, if his Führer were to marry, it would be a woman whom he himself had chosen. In this way the little doctor sought to strengthen his position.

Goebbels arranged Renate Müller's first meeting with the Führer. He led up to it by praising her acting and suggesting that some of her films be shown in the private cinema. Hitler was entranced and ordered Goebbels to invite her to spend a few days at Berchtesgaden.

She arrived one Friday in time for dinner. When that was over, Hitler offered to show her round the house. They set off together, accompanied by Goering, Goebbels and his wife, and one or two other guests. But after they arrived in the library, Renate found herself alone with Hitler. This is what happened—it would be unbelievable if Renate had not told her friends and I had not heard it from one of their maids:

Hitler suddenly looked for a few moments at Renate, then stretched out his arm in the Nazi salute. "I can hold my arm like that for two solid hours," he declared. "I never feel tired when my Storm Troopers and soldiers march past me and I stand at the salute. I never move. My arm is as if of granite. But Goering can't stand it. He has to drop his hand after half an hour of the salute. That means I am four times as strong as Goering. He's flabby. I am hard. I marvel at my own power."

And with that he turned and walked out of the room.

That was Hitler's first attempt at making love to Renate Müller.

On the last night of her stay he invited her to see herself on the screen in his cinema. No one else was present, except the operator. Hitler ordered Renate's latest film to be shown. Half way through it, his hand found hers. He said nothing. She was flattered. She did nothing to check his ardor, and so he indulged in an orgy of petting.

Next morning Renate was flown back to Berlin in Hitler's private plane. For several weeks he sent her flowers every day. There were other and more costly presents—diamonds and furs. Articles appeared throughout the Nazi press praising her as Germany's greatest actress. Cinemas were ordered to show revivals of her earlier films.

Renate acted in the theater as well as in the film studios, and so she had to stay in Berlin. Hitler left Berchtesgaden and for over two months we never saw him. We all knew why. He just could not stay away from Renate. She visited him at the Chancellery. Twice he went to her flat. The second time he left at four in the morning.

She did not love him. She liked him, and the position he could offer her dazzled her. But a Jew made their marriage impossible. It is this which has intensified Hitler's hatred of the Jews. I have heard him say that, not content with trying to ruin Germany, they had tried to destroy his personal happiness.

"But they shall pay! But they shall pay!" he used to scream.

It was not the Jew's fault. He was the only son of a Jewish millionaire whose family had lived in Germany for the past two hundred years. Two years before Hitler came to power, the son inherited his father's fortune. When Hitler became Chancellor this young Jew was not flung into a concentration camp. His business connections with foreigners were too valuable for that. He had to live quietly, but he was not molested. It was in the Tiergarten in Berlin that he met Renate Müller, riding a horse given her by Hitler.

Renate thought anti-Semitism pernicious nonsense. It was not long before she and this young man were madly in love. There were secret meetings, long motor drives, dinners in country beer gardens. But always the shadow of persecution hung over them. Renate finally persuaded her lover to leave Germany. He crossed into Czecho-Slovakia—still free and independent—and went to Paris.

Shortly afterward Renate went to Paris for a holiday. She dared not stay there. She knew that if she refused to return, her relatives within the Reich would end in a concentration camp. But together the two lovers spent a glorious month in Paris. Hitler was forgotten. They were seen everywhere together. So it was no wonder that the Gestapo heard of them. Its agents shadowed them with cameras.

Himmler made a special trip to Berchtesgaden with this incriminating material. Hitler went white with fury as he read the dossier and glanced through the photographs. He gave orders that Renate Müller be brought to him the moment she crossed the frontier on her return.

I and two SS men were sent to Aachen to meet her. Her own maid was to be sent on to Berlin. I was given strict warning not to discuss the Führer with her and to forget everything she might say to me.

Renate was worried. She plied me with questions. I could have answered none of them even if I had dared.

She was taken straight to her room on arrival at Berchtesgaden. It was not until eleven thirty in the evening that she was summoned into Hitler's presence. She did not return until three in the morning—pale, tired, but no longer frightened.

I made her coffee and she told me everything that had happened. "The Führer was alone," she said. "He sat at his desk as I walked across the room toward him. I smiled and hoped for the best. For nearly three minutes he never even looked at me.

Here's BEN HOGAN "driving away" a HEADACHE!
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For frequent or persistent headaches, see your doctor. But for ordinary headaches take Bromo-Seltzer according to directions on the label. Millions have relied on it for over 50 years. At all drugstores, soda fountains. Always keep it handy at home, too.

Then, with a violence that overthrew his chair, he sprang to his feet.

"'Slut! That's how you spend your time! You're wasted on the screen! You should be on the streets of Berlin—that's your real place! Picking up men from the gutter!' He screamed the words at me.

"'Yes, I know all about your Paris trip. But I'm not to be insulted like that. I am the Führer!'

"He paused, then picked up a mass of papers and a bundle of photographs and flung them in my face.

"'Look at those!' he howled. I knelt and picked them up. I glanced at a photograph. It showed Herr R—— walking along the Seine embankment with his arm in mine. I knew then that everything had been discovered.

"I rose to my feet and looked into the mad staring eyes of Hitler. 'Yes, you are right,' I said.

"He began to shout something, then suddenly burst into tears. He cried like a hysterical woman.

"I laid my hand softly on his shoulder. 'Adolf!' I whispered, 'I'm sorry. I was wicked—criminally wicked, if you like. I lost my head. Forgive me. I can only ask that. I know I don't deserve it.'

"And, Pauline, it worked! The first mad storm of his rage passed. He sobbed as if his heart was breaking. And then he forgave me. He put his hand in mine and looked at me. 'You were foolish, but I cannot hate you for long,' he said quietly.

"And I knew I had won. Oh, yes, I've had to promise never to see Herr R—— again. Which is, of course, a promise I have no intention of keeping."

And so the matter was patched up. For a month or two everything went on as before. Hitler was always in Renate's company.

THEN she left Germany again, this time for Monte Carlo. And Herr R—— was there. The Gestapo was still active. Renate reached Berlin before they could put the new material they had gathered into the hands of Himmler. What had happened at Monte Carlo one can only guess. It seems as if she had said a final good-by to her lover and gone home, prepared to die, for on the night of her arrival in Berlin she went to her flat and, just before midnight, flung herself from her window to the pavement, three stories below.

An ambulance rushed her to the hospital. There were operations, blood transfusions, but they were all no use. She recovered consciousness for only a few moments.

The news of her death was flashed to Hitler at Berchtesgaden. For two days he behaved like a madman, screaming hideous threats against the Jews. He saw only that a Jew had won a woman whom he himself desired, and, in his twisted mind, this added fresh fuel to the flames of his anti-Semitism.

His love for Renate Müller died with her. He soon had another friend—another film star. This one's name was Jenny Jugo. She is a small brunette and very pretty. Her family are poor, but they are good Aryans.

The German Freedom Station, broadcasting in 1937, interrupted its illegal program with this statement: "Frau Magda Goebbels. Do you want to know where your husband spends so much of his time? Well, it's easy to find out. Ask young Jenny Jugo. She should know."

The station was right. When Hitler heard of it, he called Goebbels to account. Goebbels replied by introducing her to the Führer, and from that moment she ceased to be Goebbels' mistress, becoming Hitler's instead. It is true that Hitler is not strongly sexed, and his fondness for women is often only platonic. But I once heard him say to Goering, "I know what women are for just as well as you do, Hermann."

Jenny Jugo was his mistress for several months. The presents I know he gave her were a diamond bracelet, a mink coat, the Schlangenbad villa, two motorcars, three horses, and a four-seater cabin plane. The total value of these was about $90,000—easily the most he has ever spent on a mistress. I doubt if Jenny loved him. She certainly tantalized him more than any other woman has dared to.

She was always late for meals at Berchtesgaden. It sometimes drove him into frothing rages—during which she would deliberately scream from time to time to add a little more to the noise. She insisted on playing practical jokes. Once she gave Goering a rubber sausage. He wrestled with it for a few minutes, then hurled it and the plate to the floor with a string of resounding oaths. Another time she introduced a parrot into the Führer's aviary. She had taught it to say: "I'm the Führer! I'm the Führer!" It caused a lively five minutes when it first spoke in Hitler's hearing. She used, too, to send outrageous wires to Hitler signed with names like Goebbels, Ley, or Goering. Any one else would have died beneath the headsman's ax.

During her reign at Berchtesgaden, Hitler had a room fitted up as a studio with a small stage, on which Jenny Jugo used to perform. Her performance was filmed. Hitler declared it was art. One Christmas a select number of the staff were taken into the Führer's private cinema. We saw a long, dreary film about the achievements of the National Socialist regime, then a short film starring Jenny Jugo. This was a strip-tease act, at the end of which she faced the camera completely naked and, for ten minutes, did various exercises.

Hitler saw this film, or one similar, nearly every night when she was away from Berchtesgaden.

There was nothing tragic about the end of the romance. It just ended. Jenny Jugo took up her normal life in

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Berlin, and the Führer's famous friendship with Leni Riefenstahl developed, but it never became anything but platonic.

Hitler's photographer, Hoffmann, has as his chief assistant a thirty-three-year-old woman named Eva Braun, whose home is in Munich. For a considerable time we all thought she was to be the Führer's wife. We were wrong. But, anyhow, here is what she is like:

She is dark, and wears her long brown hair in plaited coils over her ears. She is about five feet four inches tall. Her eyes are brown. She is plump. Her voice is soft, but she has a slight impediment in her speech.

She first met Hitler when she went to the Chancellery in Berlin to take some photos of him. He demanded that she come to Berchtesgaden and take more. She came, and took countless pictures of him patting children's heads, stroking dogs, and chatting with the neighboring peasants—all excellent pieces of pictorial propaganda. When she returned to Munich she went in Hitler's own car.

Their friendship developed rapidly. Goebbels was angry. At length Eva went to a fashionable party in Berlin. Goebbels arrived late and, as he was announced, stood in the doorway and let his ferret eyes rove round the room. Suddenly he drew himself up. "I cannot stay here," he said in a cold voice. "I recognize some one here who is of partly Jewish blood."

He stared directly at Eva Braun, turned, and left the room and the party. Next morning the story was repeated all over Berlin. Hitler at once ordered an investigation. It was proved that she was a pure Aryan. He made Goebbels send her a letter of apology and publish articles throughout the German press, extolling her artistry with a camera.

This little business seemed to confirm the Führer in his admiration for Fräulein Braun. At any rate, immediately after it, they went off together on a "honeymoon" to Goering's country mansion, Carinshall.

Eva Braun is still a friend of Hitler. At least, she was when I left Berchtesgaden. Their affection had by then reverted to the platonic. But she still saw him regularly. She hates Britain. I have often heard her jeer at Britain's cowardice. Hitler listened to her with some amusement.

"The British are fools but not cowards. They only seem like cowards because they are so badly led. But when they get in the trenches they fight like madmen. I know. I have fought against them," he once declared. "There are only three countries which produce great soldiers—Germany, France, and Britain. Other countries only play at fighting. Look at the Italians. The only order *they* understand is the order to retreat!"

Fräulein Kirstner is another woman who has played and, for all I know, still does play, some tremendous part or other in Hitler's life. She is forty, plain, comfortably stout. She was at Berchtesgaden when I arrived, and when I left.

She has nothing to do with the running of the establishment. She does what she likes, goes where she likes, says what she likes—unquestioned. I know she often spends several hours alone with Hitler. And that is about all I do know. But when the history of Hitler's years of power is fully told I am certain that the world will learn more of her. She is the mystery woman of Germany.

An Austrian medical psychologist visited Berchtesgaden. I know what he told a Munich doctor who afterward attended me. These were his words: "The Führer is a great man, but that is not to say that he is sane. I admire his work for Germany, but if I were speaking of him as a patient I should say he was an egomaniac with a split personality. One side of him is brutal. The other is weak and sentimental, and when it predominates he needs the company of women. They flatter his ego, reassure him about his virility, and bolster up his pride. That, I am certain, is the only reason why he has affairs with women—not because he is really in love with them but because he is so madly in love with himself."

Most dramatic and exciting were the hours at the Berghof on the eve of the invasion of Austria. Later, some said that Hitler, in disguise as

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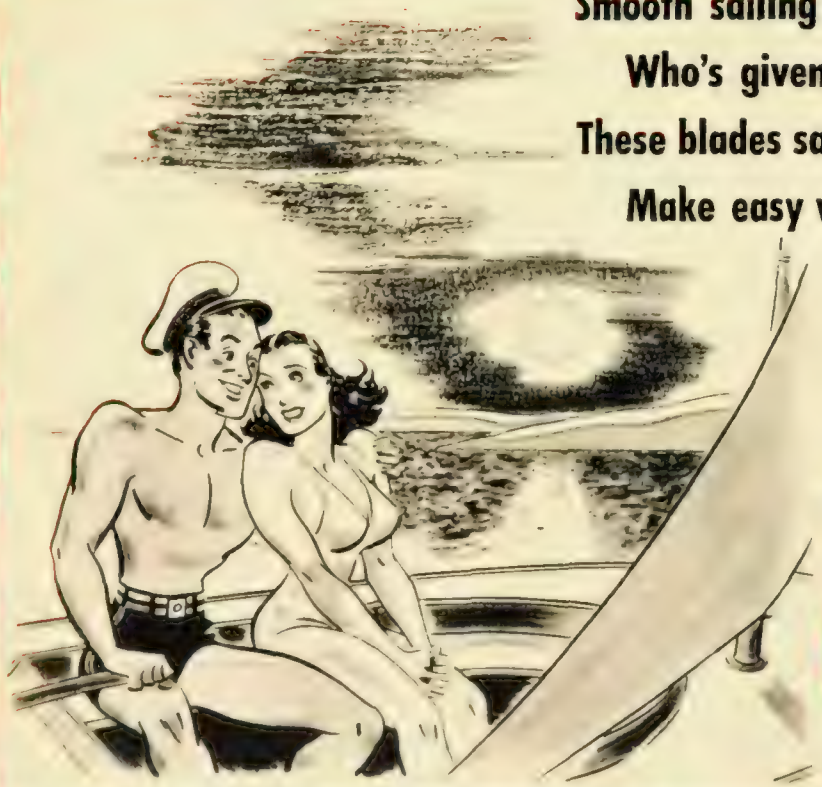

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a common soldier, had insisted on being the first German to cross the Austrian frontier. I can well believe that story, for his native Austria was his greatest obsession. He used to spend hours at his telescope looking across the frontier.

I became friendly with Frederick Einzig, one of the Führer's secretaries, and from Einzig I learned that Hitler and Hess have written a sequel to their famous book, Mein Kampf (My Struggle). It will never be published until the Führer has achieved the world domination which is his dream.

Its title will be something like How I Did It. It deals with many famous personalities. Chamberlain is referred to as "the man who gave me the British Empire because I shouted at him." Mussolini is called "the half-blackamoor ruler of a nation of mongrels." Hitler's contempt for the Italians and his plans to make them a slave nation of workers for the Germans are fully described.

Moreover, the book admits the tricks and ruses, the bluffings, that the Führer used to get what he wanted. Secrets of contacts made with pro-Nazi diplomats, politicians, and newspaper proprietors in Britain and the United States, and especially in France, are revealed.

The book is still largely incomplete. Certain sections are blank, waiting to be filled in; but the whole is based on the assumption that Britain, France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, the Netherlands, and Scandinavia are in Nazi hands or at least controlled by puppet governments taking orders from Berlin. Einzig said that certain famous men in the democracies, secretly in Hitler's pocket, would be arrested at once if their governments could get a glimpse of this new book.

Some changes must have been made in it, however, since the outbreak of war, because the Soviet problem has not worked out according to plan. Einzig told me that Russia would be the first great Power on which Germany would declare war in order to seize raw materials from the Ukraine in readiness for the attack on the democracies.

ONE chapter that would unnerve certain highly placed Nazis tells why and how they were to be got rid of at later stages of the game. Those men are even today occupying the highest posts in the party, unaware that they are on the Führer's black list. Not even the Gestapo heads know the contents of How I Did It. Only Himmler, Hess, and Einzig so much as know it has been written.

The manuscript is kept in a steel box which is locked in Hitler's private bombproof, fireproof safe, which has a combination known only to Hess and Hitler. If any one tried to open it, a single mistake in forming the combination would destroy its contents.

As I have mentioned, I had always at the back of my mind the idea of escape—not simply from Berchtesgaden but from Germany. I longed to see my husband again and to live a normal life. I would not have minded the extremest poverty.

I got my chance through a friend of the Führer himself whom, for obvious reasons, I will call Fräulein X. She holds a very high place in the Führer's esteem and is absolutely trusted by him. One day she began to talk to me quite confidentially, as women will to domestic servants sometimes. I liked her, and I told her a good deal of my story.

She seemed to be sorry for me, and said she would try to help. A few weeks later she summoned me to her room and said, "I think I can get you out of here, Pauline. I can do nothing beyond that, however."

ON August 19, 1938, I left Hitler's home in a Gestapo car with my few belongings, which had been carefully searched, in a small suitcase. A high Gestapo official accompanied me, and when we reached Munich he accompanied me to a small but excellently furnished flat. This pleasant arrangement was a token of the esteem in which I had been held at the Berghof. It was also one more evidence of the efficiency of the Gestapo. They wanted me where they could keep an eye on me.

I cannot give any details about the people who helped me in finding my husband, Kurt. They are still helping people today as they helped me. And although their organization is almost exclusively Jewish, it does not hesitate to hold out a hand to any Aryan who may be fleeing from the Gestapo. Within a month they had contacted my husband. They helped him finally to reach me.

I was stunned. He had lines of a man of fifty in his face. His hair was nearly white, his shoulders bowed. I kissed him, I laughed, I cried. I tried to pretend I had noticed hardly any change. But it was no use. He laughed bitterly.

"You see what political education at a concentration camp has done for me, Pauline," he said. "I am now supposed to be fit to become a citizen of the Reich."

We were wondering how to get to France or England, when the chief of the organization which was sheltering us discovered that Kurt's birth in Alsace-Lorraine entitled him to choose French citizenship if he wished.

You cannot imagine what this meant to us. It was as though we had been doomed to hell and found the gates of heaven opening for us instead.

Just how does a decent girl prisoner, arrested merely on suspicion, fare in Hitler's police prison house in Munich? To what outrages is she subjected? What atrocities must she witness? And then—what will be done to her in the Dachau concentration camp? All this Pauline Kohler knows from hideous experience! She will reveal it all in Liberty next week.

Got the horse laugh till I tried the FINGERNAIL TEST!

YOU'D THINK A JOCKEY'S SWEETHEART would thaw out just a little when he wins the Derby. But not my girl! I scratch my head to figure why she's chilly, and get the answer. My nails show a scalpful of loose ugly dandruff!

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To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MIINUTES 15 SECONDS

OLD Viking words still echo in the dialect of Yorkshire, England. To this day, when they move house, Yorkshire folk call it *flitting*, which is pretty near the Scandinavian *flitta*. There are many such traces, I'm told by Swedish-speaking Margaret Shaw Procope, who *flitted* here from her native Yorkshire to marry Washington's handsomest foreign diplomat, Finnish Minister Hjalmar Procope. . . . War turned their wedding at Fairfax, Virginia, into an event of whirlwind excitement. Stormed by brigades of reporters, by batteries of photographers, Margaret Katherine Mary Shaw had no time for a trousseau, and her fiancé could spare only the briefest recess from state duties. Yet the blonde English girl kept her poised sense of humor all through the hullabaloo until returning to the legation, where, among hundreds of letters and telegrams, the first she happened to pick up was a card from a local taximan. Attached to the card was a twenty-five-cent contribution to the Finnish war orphans' fund. The card said, "Enough quarters make a million dollars." I could see emotion deep in her eyes as young Mme. Procope told me this story of her wedding-day greeting from an obscure stranger in a strange land. . . . She has gone efficiently to work as a diplomatist's bride, and Washington has taken her quickly to its heart. On behalf of the Mannerheim League for War Orphans, she's busy now collecting money to find homes *in Finland* for Finnish children left parentless by the unforgettable tragedy of their country's self-defense.

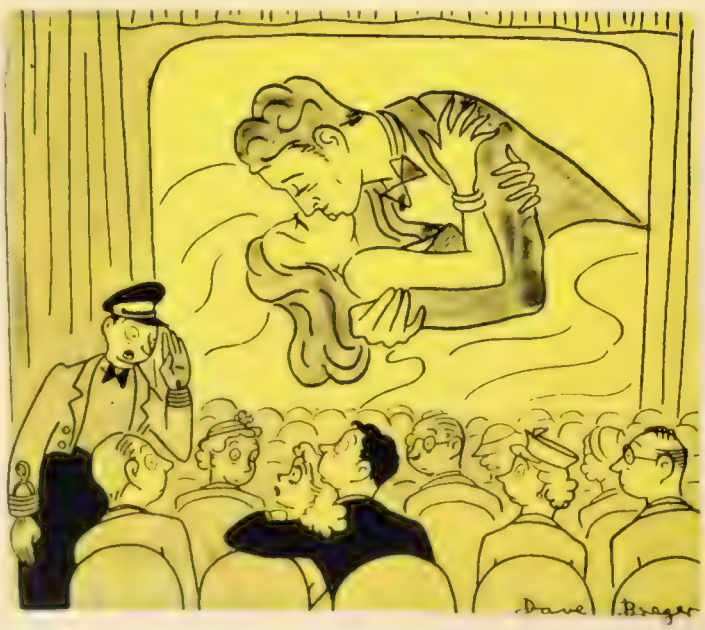
☆ Mme. Procope says she learned to speak Swedish easily because of Yorkshire's Viking past—but the Yorkshire secret I learned from her is even easier. She taught me a simple little trick we all can use the next time we make Yorkshire pudding to go with roast beef: . . . Break 2 eggs into 4½ tablespoons flour and pinch of salt, mixing together slowly. Gradually stir in 1 cup milk to make thick smooth batter. Beat well, adding another cup milk. *Now here's the real Yorkshire secret: Cover batter and let stand 2 to 3 hours before baking!* Beat again; pour into buttered pan; bake 10 minutes in hot oven. Serve alongside the roast, with plenty of gravy.

☆ You'll never catch Charlie Michelson—contact man between the White House and the press—at a symphony. I found out why when he and I dodged identical invitations to a highbrow musicale. . . . "Violins are my poison," Mr. Michelson confessed. He said: "My trouble with them started back home in Virginia City, Nevada, when I was eight years old. A neighbor lady named Mrs. Bellemere took me to the circus with her kids, but a windstorm came up, and just as we reached the big tent it blew down. Mrs. Bellemere was a kind soul. She wanted to give us some other treat to make up for not seeing the *circus*. So she took us to a *violin recital* at the town hall. I've hated concerts ever since."

☆ At an embassy tea a talented lady radio commentator spied the wife of her home-state senator giving her worried, wild-eyed looks. What's the matter with her? wondered the radio girl. Now wait a minute! Today's the day we vote our state primaries. Something must have gone wrong—something *I* don't know about! . . . Radio girl raced to phone; buzzed her best sources of inside information; discovered nothing. Back in the party crush, she suddenly was faced by the senator's wife, no longer worried. Senator's wife said: "Oh, my dear, do you realize you and I have on dresses exactly alike? But I fixed it. I went upstairs and ripped the pockets off mine. *Now* we're different!"

☆ Afghanistan bulletin, special for author Achmed Abdullah, who hails from there: . . . Walter Karig, of Liberty's Washington staff, introduced me to a genuine Afghan pooch with a genuine Afghan name—Mussad Khan. Mussad was born in Europe, one of a litter of eight. American owner of the litter called at an Afghan legation; asked for eight good Afghan names. Couldn't make his request understood, but there were just eight Afghan nationals employed at the legation, so he named his eight pups after them.

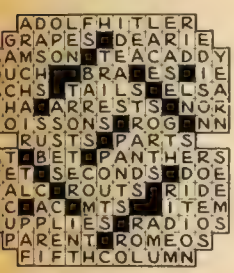
☆ Ways of Washington: . . . Chairs in the Senate office building have nails in them that snaggle your silk stockings if you don't watch out. . . . A favorable resort here now is the elegant 1925 F Street Club. All the comforts of home—and a hostess can duck late-staying guests by walking out on her own party if she wants to. . . . Mrs. Charles Edison, wife of our Navy Secretary, doesn't care much for boating. . . . Was shocked at a party to hear some one say, "I'll call up Frank and Eleanor and tell them to come right over." Then was unshocked to learn it meant Frank and Eleanor Waldrup, columnist and wife. . . . Terms of endearment fill the Washington air. I never heard so many "dearies," "darlings," "angels," and "sweets."



"Sorry, sir, but we don't allow that here!"

CROSSWORDS

By LEE PASQUIN



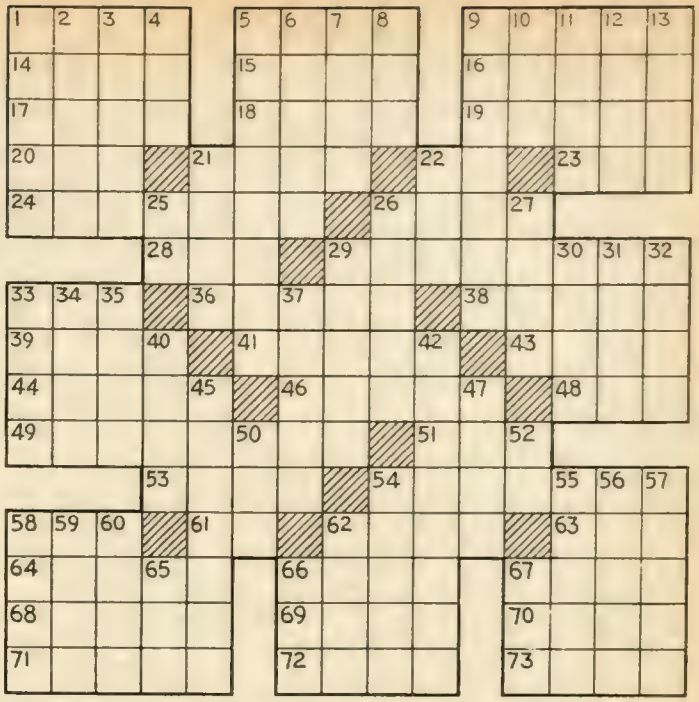
Last week's answer

HORIZONTAL

1 Undemonstrative disposition
5 Allot
9 Elementary substance
14 On the sheltered side
15 Egg-shaped
16 Got up
17 Low resort
18 Model or type
19 Solemn religious acts
20 Day preceding
21 Resumed consciousness
22 Prefix: twice
23 Consume
24 White ant
26 Head coverings
28 Commotion
29 Substitute for horn
33 Age
36 Go or come into
38 Intertwined
39 White
41 Mistake
43 Peruse
44 Effigy
46 Snake
48 Parched
49 Artery (pl.)
51 Break
53 Except
54 One strict in religious life
58 Article of furniture
61 Pronoun
62 Cavity
63 Native metal
64 Resin
66 High tableland
67 Sword
68 Street child
69 Aid
70 Conduct
71 Tricky (slang)
72 Part of to be
73 Not so much

VERTICAL

1 Student in military school
2 Color
3 Kind of metal bar
4 River in Scotland
5 Sameness of tone or style
6 Call forth
7 Species of vetch
8 Kind of tree
9 Relating to a husband
10 Silkworm
11 Carry (colloq.)
12 On the ocean
13 For fear that
21 Broad
22 Water barrier
25 Parent (colloq.)
26 King of Judea
27 Blemish
29 Collection of cattle (pl.)
30 Frosted
31 Divide by



violence
32 Current
33 Heroic narrative
34 Incarnation of Vishnu
35 Pertaining to the shoulder
37 Exchange or barter
40 Self (pl.)
42 Put in order
45 Fabric
47 Unusual
50 Vine
52 Greek letter
54 Puzzling question
55 A tropical helmet
56 An open basement (pl.)
57 Wants
58 Pleads
59 Eagerness for action
60 Prefix: one half
62 Greek goddess of youth
65 In the center of
66 Animal's stomach
67 Former cloth measure

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

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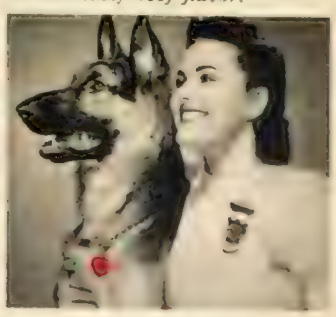

"The following day Rex eats *Diet C . . . cheese flavor.* I always feed 3 *flavors* in rotation."

Doctor Kilbourne's Candlesticks

By William Benton Johnston

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

DR. KILBOURNE placed the heavy crystal candlesticks on the mantel. "A gift from my favorite niece," he told Wey Ling, his only servant. "And when you break one, I'm going to decapitate you."

The old Chinese said, "Be velly careful."

"Be velly careful," the doctor mocked. "You old heathen, how many bowls and vases do you suppose you've broken for me?"

"Twelve years with you in China," Wey Ling said blandly, "blake mebbeso seventy, eighty. Twenty years here in Amelica, mebbeso hundred fifty, two hundred."

"And it all adds up to—to enough to buy that precious airplane you're always yelping about."

Wey Ling actually smiled. "Much need for airplanes in China. If I send one to my native village, they paint my name on side and my glandson—a fine flyer—take it up and shoot hell out of Japanese bombers. Velly gleat honor for old Wey Ling."

Dr. Kilbourne said, "I've told you a hundred times that I haven't got enough money to buy you a plane. Now get out of here—and remember to be careful of those candlesticks."

Wey Ling left the room and presently the telephone rang.

"Can you come to 1229 Brewster Street? It's my wife, doctor—please hurry."

Dr. Kilbourne said, "Be right with you."

He got his bag and went out into the night to the garage. As he backed his coupé toward the street, a man stepped up, opened the car door and got in. He had a revolver in his hand.

"One funny move," he warned, "and you'll get it, doc."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Drive out Grant Avenue and we'll get Slim; he'll tell you."

In the suburbs, they picked up Slim. He said, "I see my false call got him out, Joe." And to the doctor, "Drive to the old quarry on Coppertown Road."

As soon as Dr. Kilbourne walked into the one lighted room of the deserted quarry shack, he had an answer to all his unasked questions. Windows were carefully boarded, so that no ray of light could escape. Five or six men were sitting around and two were stretched out on the floor; one groaning, one curiously still.

Instantly Dr. Kilbourne remembered a headline in the afternoon paper: "Sixth Avenue National Bank Robbed. Two guards killed in battle with unidentified bandits. . . ."

A low heavy-shouldered man stepped forward, said, "Hello, doc."

"Johnny Rascoe!"

Johnny grinned. "The kid you used to know as leader of the Boyle Street gang, now Public Enemy Number One." He nodded toward the men on the floor. "Couple of my boys got hurt. Fix 'em up, doc."

"I'll have to go back and get my instruments."

Johnny said, "You ain't going nowhere. Anybody at your house?"

"My servant."

"Write a note and tell him what to send. Slim and Joe will get it."

Dr. Kilbourne tore a page from his notebook and wrote:

Tied up with automobile accident. Send my surgical kit, a can of ether, and four rolls of bandages.

After the men had gone off, Dr. Kilbourne sat down and considered his position. No one had recognized the bandits during the bank robbery. Now that Johnny's presence was known to the doctor, it wasn't likely—

When I've finished with his men, he's going to kill me, Dr. Kilbourne decided, and felt a cold chill.

After a long while the guard stationed outside came in.

"Slim and Joe just drove up," he reported.

"Get out there and be sure it's them," Johnny snapped.

The man opened the door and instantly bullets slammed him back into the room. Simultaneously window boards came crashing down and gun muzzles appeared.

An authoritative voice yelled, "Drop 'em, you mugs!" and state troopers swarmed into the room.

Dr. Kilbourne was still shaky when he got home. Wey Ling let him in and followed him to the library.

"Most unfortunate," the Chinese said contritely. "Both new candlesticks get bloke. I—"

"What do I care about candlesticks?" the doctor shouted. "You tell me what happened and be quick about it."

Wey Ling said, "Man come with note. I ask him to wait. He sit in this chair. Then I blake first candlestick when I hit him over head with it. I tie him up, take other candlestick and go out to car. Find another man there; tell him fliend say come in. He get out of car and I blake other candlestick. Velly solly. I bling him in and tie him up too. When they come to senses, I make tell where you are."

"How did you do that?"

"No tlouble. I hold eyelids open and splinkle led pepper inside. They tell; then I go to telephone and say, 'State police—quick, if you please.'"

"And," Dr. Kilbourne said admiringly, "that's how you caused the capture of a notorious gang with enough reward money on their heads to pay half the national debt."

"Mebbeso enough to buy airplane?" Wey Ling said eagerly.

"Sure," Dr. Kilbourne began, then stopped abruptly. "But how did you guess that I was in trouble?"

Wey Ling looked at him reproachfully. "You know I cannot lead Amelican wliting, and you know how to wlite Chinese good as a mandarin. When I get your note in Amelican, I know you excited and mebbeso scared. I listen to ladio all afternoon—about bank being stole and men shooting each other. So I add the figure two to the figure two and I get—I get—"

"Four," Dr. Kilbourne supplied. "Well, I'll be damned—I'll doubly be damned."

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1940; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best

Oil and war—and danger! A penetrating survey of a pressing American problem

This Mexican confiscation of foreign-owned property is obviously a boomerang.

the Mexican squeeze play

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

AMERICANS have invested nearly $500,000,000 in Mexico. They have invested $2,847,000,000 in the West Indies, Central America, Mexico, and South America. How much of that money is lost? How much will ever come back to the investors? Whose money is it, anyhow?

Of course, when we think of oil we conjure up the names of great companies, and we usually say, "Oh, they can stand the loss." But the ownership of such companies is held by nearly a million Americans, directly or indirectly. More than 125,000 Americans own the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey alone. If such a company's property is confiscated, these owners suffer the real loss. And if it goes that way in Mexico, why not in Central and South American countries?

It is therefore necessary to study what has happened in Mexico without the usual prejudices against big business and "dollar diplomacy." It needs to be analyzed from the standpoint of the general American interest.

America has two alternatives. One is to kiss American investments in Mexico good-by and to forget about them. The other is to insist upon a restoration of the rights of ownership and use of privately owned property.

Mexico proposes a third alternative. They say that they'll pay some day, when they get the money. The trouble with that solution is that Mexico is broke, and bids fair to remain broke. Mexico is in default of nearly two billion dollars of public debt. So, if we don't get our property back, we shall have to forget about it.

But when we see the oil that was brought to the surface by American investors and American exploration and American industry — together with Mexican labor; when we see that oil being taken from us and sold to Germany and Japan, maybe we won't want to forget about it. There's danger in all that. Unless some adequate and just settlement of this Mexican oil-confiscation question is made, and made soon, it may get itself all mixed up in the war situation. It may become a very emotional question, and in these days every emotional question between two neighboring countries is dangerous. It may lead to consequences which nobody in the United States wants and which nobody in Mexico dares to risk.

The trouble in Mexico seems to be that the trends of Communism and Fascism have taken control. Two men dominate Mexico: Lazaro Cardenas and Vicente Lombardo Toledano. Cardenas is President; Toledano, the leader of the Confederation of Mexican Workers, the C. I. O. of that country. And Toledano is now said to be raising an army to make sure that he can control the situation, by revolution if necessary.

Cardenas, the son of a small storekeeper, joined the revolutionary army to overthrow Huerta and rose to high position in it. Largely as a result of army support, he was chosen President in 1934 and since then has governed as a dictator, principally because of the support of Toledano and the organized workers. It is a one-man rule in a country of widespread illiteracy. The Congress obeys the President and the judiciary acts

strictly on a political basis. The political party which Cardenas heads is called the Party of the Mexican Revolution and consists principally of peasants, the trade-unions, the army, and government employees.

Obviously, the organization of this party closely copies that of the Communist Party of Soviet Russia—and the Six-Year Plan of Mexico in many respects apes the Five-Year Plan of Soviet Russia. Supporting Cardenas now are the National Confederation of Peasants and the Confederation of Mexican Workers. It is definitely a left-wing dictatorship which is forced by political circumstances to adopt an attitude satisfactory to the lowest economic groups and a foreign policy which is definitely anti-gringo—that is, anti-American.

Toledano's father was a rich creole copper-mine owner. He himself is a university graduate, and was for a period director of the National Preparatory School. After his father had been ruined financially by the revolution, he became a Marxist, and for fifteen years now he has been the leader of Mexico's labor movement. A gifted scholar, writer, and orator, he is a warm admirer of Soviet Russia.

THE partnership of these two men is responsible for Mexico's squeeze play on American properties. Instead of outright confiscation, they first used the labor laws of Mexico—laws which they themselves promulgated—to make it impossible for any foreign company to do business in their country. Then they took over the foreign properties and made their promise to pay some day. Even with the best of intentions, they could only have hoped to raise funds by their trade with Germany and Japan. But it is doubtful whether such intentions meant anything to the Mexicans. They were taking a chance on the depression, labor troubles, so-called liberal movements, and antiwar sentiment in the United States and the general world situation giving them ample time to consolidate their confiscation of American property. In a word, they figured that they could get away with it.

To show exactly what happened to oil production after they got going, let me cite these few figures: Oil production improved in Mexico until in 1921 when it reached a daily output of 530,000 barrels. But in 1937 it averaged only about 130,000 barrels a day. And, although more recent figures are not available, the output is going down.

President Cardenas told the American and other foreign investors on February 11, 1936, that "industrialists who are weary of the social struggle can turn their industries over to the workmen or to the government." And that was that. For in a year's time the properties were practically put under the control of the National Petroleum Administration.

Cardenas and Toledano evolved a system of confiscation which was entirely original. There was a strike in 1937. As a result, labor was awarded certain conditions which were affirmed by the Mexican Supreme Court, one of the justices of which said that the conflict was not of a legal but of a political character. "And," he said, "once the small South American nations see what is happening in Mexico, they will do the same."

The award increased the cost of wages and social benefits between 30,000,000 and 40,000,000 pesos a year—when it was estimated that the annual net profit of all Mexican oil business amounted to 23,000,000 pesos. In a word, by a single act, the government cracked down on the oil producers and turned a profitable business into a loss.

The forty-hour week was established, but the producers had to pay on the basis of a fifty-six-hour week. Free medical, surgical, dental services were provided by law not only to the workers but to their families, including every kind of relative. The workers were given sixteen holidays a year on full pay. In addition, they got a twenty-one-day holiday on full pay, with wages paid in advance. If a worker worked ten years, he was entitled to a month's holiday on full pay. The employer had to provide a worker first-class travel passage to and from any place during these vacations. In addition to all this, the worker could take off three days, on full pay, any time he wanted to.

There was lots more like this in the award. Altogether, it wrecked the oil business in Mexico.

BUT that was exactly what Cardenas and Toledano wanted. They wanted the foreign companies to leave in disgust. Then it would not be confiscation but desertion.

The real basic difficulty has to do with the awful poverty and ignorance of the Mexican people. A population largely Indian has now for centuries been exploited and ravaged by Spanish conquerors, creole politicians, and Indian revolutionists. The reforms of Juarez hardly left a mark on the country. The great and long administration of Diaz hardly improved the life of the people. The subsequent revolutions and civil wars brought untold misery to the great mass of the people, 45 per cent of whom are still illiterate. Private enterprise, as we know it, never developed in Mexico. Democracy is a farce. Liberty for the individual can exist only through the generosity of the ruler of the moment.

Under such circumstances, politicians play upon the prejudices of the masses. After all, until recently presidents were usually assassinated or exiled and their successors rose to power by the bayonet. Revolutions settled Mexican problems during most of Mexico's history, and we are on the verge of the fiercest of all Mexican revolutions now, by all accounts.

In any country of this character, it is always the easy way for the politician to stir up hatred of the foreigner to divert the minds of the people from their own troubles. It's an old political trick, but it still works. The people never learn. And in Mexico they can't, because so many of them can't even read!

The United States wants no war with Mexico. Neither the Roosevelt administration nor any element in the Republican Party has any desire to send troops down there to collect American dollars. Nor do we wish to annex 18,000,000 Indians down Mexico way. On the other hand, it is sheer nonsense to suggest that the Mexican government can pay for the confiscated foreign property, including the American—oil, $400,000,000; railroad, $100,000,000; land, $400,000,000—totaling $900,000,000. They haven't got the money and they can't raise it.

Secretary of State Cordell Hull has been going easy on the Mexicans, writing notes and holding discussions, but apparently the government of the United States is now demanding a yes-or-no answer. The difficulty is that Cardenas and Toledano don't know how to get out of a tight hole. They've tried to run the oil business themselves and the job hasn't been too good. They've tried to sell oil to Germany and Japan, but now the Germans can't take it away and the Japanese don't want too many issues with the United States. Besides, those countries can't pay hard cash but want Mexico to take their goods, which Mexico doesn't exactly need.

In fact, the only real hard cash that Mexico has been seeing in recent years has been from the purchase of silver by the United States Treasury! And we can stop that, if we get good and sore, any time, which would break Mexico once and for all.

MEANWHILE the Mexican worker and peasant wants cash, and it isn't available. The government is growing desperate and the Communists are moving in. It is tremendously interesting that at this moment the American Communists should have made Mexico the concentration point for their North American activities. Important Negro Communists are down there agitating against the United States.

In a word, Mexico is stuck and knows it. She needs to settle. But if Cardenas and Toledano settle by restoring the lands and businesses to their proper owners, they have to go back on everything they've said and done and take a chance on their enemies using it for a mass uprising. If they don't settle, they may find their people suffering such impoverishment that the next revolution in Mexico will destroy them. And always there is the danger that should the United States enter the European war, we won't stand for any monkey business in Mexico. This confiscation of foreign-owned property is obviously a boomerang, but it is not clear yet who is going to be hit by it.

THE END

Above, correspondents leave England for the front. Right, Germany makes it easy for newsmen to get pictures like this one of a parachute-jumping school.

BATTLE BEHIND THE LINES

—THE War of Propaganda

A challenging look at Nazi ways, with a moral for the Allies—and America.

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

BY VINCENT SHEEAN

TOTAL war has come at last, with a rush, after months of preparation. During those preparatory months there was so much side-stepping, and there existed so many vague possibilities of compromise, that America on the whole tended to regard the war as slightly "phony," or at any rate, if not phony, certainly as a newfangled business of bluff and nerves and propaganda in which no belligerent really wanted to risk everything in a conflict of life and death.

That stage blew up altogether on May 10 with the invasion of Holland and Belgium. But the lessons of the period from September to May, so far as propaganda is concerned, will be retained through the desperate days that are now coming. In the truest sense, America neither needs nor wants propaganda. It can make up its own mind upon the facts, and will be influenced most of all by the actual events. And yet, we all know that the organization of information is the most powerful form of propaganda, and that, in our experience of the war so far, the Germans have shown a distinct ability to get their picture of events before the American public quicker than anybody else.

There are a variety of reasons for this. First of all comes the preparation of the past seven years. Dr. Joseph Goebbels, the German Minister of Public Enlightenment, has been distributing his particular brand of light ever since Hitler came to power. The ministry he runs did not have to improvise anything; everything was ready. From the moment the war started, the Germans have been simplifying and facilitating things for the American correspondents on their side—taking them on comprehensive trips to the theater of war, supplying them with very good photographs, permitting them to see and describe almost anything they want to see.

On the Allied side there was no such preparation. The Ministries of Information in London and Paris had to be invented under the pressure of war. They were not very expert. The British Ministry of Information, in particular, has been the subject of constant complaint from the American correspondents since the first day of the war. There were incessant wrangles over censorship and red tape. And meanwhile Dr. Goebbels' highly trained cohorts were getting out their photographs, their newsreels, their versions of events, so that sometimes this spring it looked as if the American press—particularly the papers which specialize in photographs — was hand-fed from Berlin. The simple fact was, of course, that they had to have pictures and information, and

took them where they could get them.

All this may be altered with the great fundamental changes which have now come over the war itself and the Allied governments. In London Mr. Duff Cooper has taken charge of the Ministry of Information. He has the youth, energy, and persistence which will be required to make it work. The new Prime Minister, Mr. Winston Churchill, has a better sense of the press than most leaders in any country, because he has worked in and for it for a great part of his life. He started his career as a war correspondent, and will not want to increase the difficulties for the war correspondents of today.

There are other things besides professional propaganda involved, of course. There is the great political question of what the British and French have to propose as a solution for the problems of Europe; this goes still unanswered. There is also the fact that the war from September to May was so lacking in continuous dramatic interest that some people in neutral countries found their interest in it evaporating. Everybody remembers with what intimate excitement our people greeted the declaration of war, and how closely it seemed to concern us. There was not a sign of "neutrality" in the language of the people. As the months passed, we grew more and more neutral, not to say indifferent. I think a large part in this process was played by what we loosely call propaganda—some of it deliberate and professional, some of it accidental or arising from the nature of the circumstances.

LET us take the second kind of propaganda first, the accidental or natural kind. Examine only the speeches of the British and German leaders. Every time Hitler makes a big speech, it commands the full attention of the world. I don't say that anybody (outside of Germany) particularly likes what he says, but the whole world listens. Much of the Führer's language merely irritates or inflames neutral opinion against him —which may be why they have been keeping him relatively quiet for some months—but some of it sticks in the memory and never goes away again. Think of his great "peace" speech last autumn in which he talked of a comprehensive settlement in Europe, with vast population shifts and federative arrangements. Much of what he said was the usual bombastic nonsense, accusations and shouts, but he did actually propose a kind of settlement. And as months went by and nothing of that kind came out of the Allied camp, people everywhere began to say, "Well, we know how Hitler wants to settle it, but what do the French and British want?"

Similarly with the famous "unknown weapon" speech that Hitler delivered at Danzig. There once more the Führer threatened the West with destruction if it crossed his will, but he used in the course of the speech a dramatic paragraph about some "unknown weapon to which there is no reply." Nobody has forgotten about the "unknown weapon," although most of us realize that, whatever it is, the Allies probably have it too. The point about Hitler's biggest speeches is that they always contain something which we do not forget.

The main point about Mr. Neville Chamberlain's speeches was the exact contrary: i. e., they contained nothing that we could possibly remember. This was a product of the cautious and colorless nature of the former Prime Minister, but it was negative or even harmful, from the propaganda point of view. It is different with the speeches of Prime Minister Winston Churchill, which are read and commented upon throughout the country. But even Mr. Churchill, with all his stinging eloquence, is handicapped by the central fact that the British Government itself has not decided what kind of settlement it wants in Europe, beyond "freedom" and "democracy" somewhat indefinitely approved.

The speechmaking on both sides is, however, by and large, less important than the other forms of propaganda. And it is in the deliberate, professional forms of propaganda that the Germans have shown themselves to be most adept. One of their inventions, so far not allowed in Allied countries, is what might be called "propaganda by indiscretion." They do not hesitate to tap telephone wires, listen to private conversations and record them, open letters and suborn private servants and secretaries to act as spies. The others do the same (and so do the Americans, incidentally). But only the Germans, so far, have taken to *publishing* material thus obtained. No doubt they color it to suit themselves, but they do put into print and send out all over the world these indiscreet and embarrassing details filched from the private talks of persons whom they wish to attack. I think such propaganda is immensely effective because it carries conviction; most of it could not be made up; it must have happened more or less as reported.

AN example is the German reply to the French Yellow Book, published in Berlin January 16. The French Yellow Book (like the English Blue Book) contained only official communications and documents. The German reply quoted private conversations between M. Georges Bonnet and Herr Joachim von Ribbentrop, made at the time when Bonnet was French Foreign Minister and was signing the "peace declaration" at Paris, after Munich (1938). These private conversations were no doubt recorded by mechanical devices concealed in the room, and taken down also by concealed stenographers. At any rate, the talks make amazing reading. M. Bonnet not only seems to have given over all eastern Europe to Germany, but actually read out one of his own public speeches to the German envoys, pointing out which parts were "only for internal consumption" and which parts he really meant!

Another notable instance of the private conversation record is that which occurred on September 29 in Moscow, when, according to reports which have never been denied, Joachim von Ribbentrop played to Joseph Stalin a record of a talk with the British ambassador in Berlin. We can be sure that whatever the British ambassador said on that record, it was not pro-Russian.

BUT the heart and center of good propaganda is not, after all, either public speeches or private mud-slinging. It is something much simpler, akin to newspaper reporting, and consists in getting out your version of the story before the other fellow does. The Germans have been masterly at this. Again and again through this war they have "scooped" the Allies on their own stories. Lord Haw-haw, the renegade Englishman who broadcasts in English from Hamburg, often attacks certain regulations or provisions of the war regime before they have been made public. On the occasion of the reorganization of the Chamberlain cabinet on April 3, the German official radio announced the whole thing in full detail, without a mistake, one hour before the information was released in London.

American friends of the Allied countries have been deeply concerned over this superiority of the Germans in the weapons of persuasion. They have gone so far as to suggest that the British establish a big propaganda bureau in New York to serve as a center for pro-Ally activity. In my opinion, this would be a major blunder. What is needed is an efficient and professional organization *in London* which would get the news out as quickly as possible and help, rather than hinder, the work of the American newspaper correspondents.

And, finally — which concerns European neutrals more than most Americans—the Germans also have the best of it on the air. The British Broadcasting Corporation, which was maddeningly "neutral" all during the period when Hitler was preparing this war and conquering one European democracy after another, has now become maddeningly partisan. To listen to the German war news from Berlin, as I did last night, and then listen to the British sermonizing from London, is to perceive a genuine superiority of intelligence on the side of the German radio. The German was clear, unemotional, and carried conviction. The British talk that I heard was woolly-minded in the extreme, and full of the threadbare phrases about "freedom" and "democracy." More news, more facts, and less sanctimoniousness is what the average listener would demand of the B. B. C. if he had a chance to be heard. The hour for hypocrisy and cant in these matters is long since gone.

THE END

A daredevil escape . . and a thrilling interlude in a powerful novel of war

A few hundred yards to his right there was a great blast that sent a tremor through the Messerschmitt.

Wings OF WRATH

READING TIME • 24 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

PART EIGHT—ONE CHANCE IN A THOUSAND

A synopsis of preceding chapters will be found on page 54

ALL that afternoon Kurt fought against fear. Though he tried to keep it out of his face, it was a fear that lashed his nerves like a whip again and again, and would not let him be still. He found himself pacing the garden, smoking too many cigarettes. It was impossible, even for the sake of appearances, to pretend any interest in the talk of the other convalescents.

In the end, Leutnant Vegerhof, who had been watching him in perplexity, complained:

"*Gott in Himmel*, von Retz, why don't you sit down and rest?"

"Oh, I'm all right," Kurt said hastily. "Just want to walk."

"Sit down. We'll play some cards."

"Thanks, not now."

"What's got into you, anyhow? One would think you were going to the gallows instead of to Kiel."

With a jerky wave of his hand, Kurt contrived, "I guess it's the prospect of flying again. Getting back into action. Makes a fellow excited, impatient to start."

It wasn't until later, when he stood alone in a corner of the garden, that he realized how deeply he must have hurt Vegerhof with that reply; Vegerhof, who, with his useless leg, would never fly again. Kurt regretted the words. He had come to like the young officer. But it was too late to make any kind of amends.

For a long time he frowned down at the eighty newly arrived planes in the airport. Actually he didn't see them, for his mind could concentrate

only on the fact that in less than forty-eight hours he would be flown to Kiel—and to death. He had no illusions about the severity of German military discipline. The instant he confronted the fellow officers of Leutnant Otto von Retz, he realized, he would stand convicted and condemned.

But in what conceivable way could he escape?

Slip away? Seek safety in disappearance from the hospital? Hardly. Everything he'd heard convinced him that the region around Wilhelmshaven was completely militarized. Every road was under guard. He wouldn't be able to proceed a quarter of a mile without being challenged. Even his uniform would be of no help without an official pass. And if he attempted to keep off the roads, scouting planes would discover him. They droned about all day, everywhere. No escape; that was impossible.

Of course there was another thing he could try. In the past two weeks he had considered it scores of times. It had seemed so reckless and mad an undertaking, however, that he had repeatedly driven it out of his mind. Just as often, nevertheless, it had returned—as it was returning now—to scrape and nibble slyly at his thoughts.

Fly. . . .

Climb into one of those Messerschmitts and fly it to England; escape at a speed of more than 350 miles an hour. . . .

As always, the idea set his nerves to tingling. Technically, he assured himself, there could be no great difficulties. At Craymoor he had seen the detailed drawings of Messerschmitts supplied by the Air Ministry for study by British technicians. Moreover, captured Messerschmitts had twice been put on display; and he had been permitted to enter their cockpits, together with the other men of his class, to examine the controls. He was sure he could manage the plane.

No; the difficulties would not lie in flying it—they'd lie in *getting* it.

And until today that had been beyond all hope. The Wilhelmshaven ground crews, who probably knew by sight every pilot at the field, would never allow a stranger—even one in an officer's uniform—to clamber into a plane.

But today, Kurt tensely reminded himself, there were eighty strange pilots at Wilhelmshaven. Eighty unknown men whose right to fly the ground crews would have to accept by virtue of their uniforms. . . .

He peered at the field more intently. Some of the newcomers were strolling about, inspecting planes, hangars, and the general aspect of the air base. They had left their flying suits in the largest of the hangars, and now they walked in uniform. Kurt realized the ground crew could have no way of knowing he was not one of these pilots.

Not that he could attempt a flight today. It was too late—almost sundown. Nobody was taking off. To try it would simply make him conspicuous; and that was something he must avoid.

But in the morning—

Kurt's excitement became a pulsation that filled his whole being. It left his face pale, his eyes too bright. Why couldn't he try it? He could. He *must!*

Would he be permitted to leave the hospital's garden? He didn't believe it was against regulations. Still, that could be determined easily, and at once. He turned to seek the doctor.

The physician sat at a desk, glancing through the file of cards, and he answered Kurt's tense question almost inattentively.

"I'm afraid it will tire you, Herr Leutnant."

"I'll go slowly."

"Well—" The doctor shrugged. "*I* have no objection. Just don't go too far. You'll find you're still weak."

So Kurt walked down the path to the flying field.

His heart beat a paean of triumph. His eyes shone. He knew that if he could leave the garden today he could do it again in the morning. . . .

At the bottom of the path there was a bench, and on it he found two officers, both lieutenants. A bit breathless by that time, he requested permission to sit with them. Principally because he wanted to learn as much as possible about these planes. One officer was slight, dark-complexioned, with the sort of face you forgot in five minutes. The other was the type of Prussian Kurt instinctively disliked—a powerfully built fellow whose features suggested grossness as much as strength.

He shared his cigarettes with them. And presently he discovered that they had arrived with the armada of eighty new planes. From Tempelhof.

When he introduced himself as a hospital patient, one who had actually been in combat with the English, he inspired an attitude of quick respect and interest.

"And what does all that mean?" Kurt asked, nodding at the planes. He felt he could risk the question. "Why did they send so many of you?"

"You know as much as we do," the bigger man replied. "We simply flew where we were ordered to fly. Of course there are rumors."

"That the English will attack?"

"I think it's more likely *we'll* attack."

"So?"

The slim man put in, "They say we're to be joined here tomorrow by sixty or seventy planes from Sylt and sixty more from somewhere else. Added to those already stationed here, it looks as if we'll have more than four hundred ready to go."

"It's about time we did something," the heavy man declared. "I, for one, am tired of waiting."

Kurt said thoughtfully, "You think this means London?"

"I doubt it. I have an idea it will be Scapa Flow. Or maybe the Firth of Forth. A blow at their fleet. Four hundred of us, striking without warning, could do a great deal of damage to their ships at Scapa Flow!"

Kurt nodded. Despite the growing excitement in him, he smoked with outward complacency.

"It will be soon, I imagine," he ventured. "They wouldn't have sent

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

AFTER the torpedoing of the British steamship Carthage, from which they are saved, Kurt Freel and Claudia Gage fall in love. An American of German extraction, whose father and two brothers have been victims of the Nazis, Kurt vows vengeance. Claudia is a member of the English Women's Auxiliary Air Force, her father is a vice air marshal, and she succeeds in getting Kurt stationed at Craymoor, a big air base in Scotland.

This was not too difficult because Kurt had assumed the identity of a dead British aircraftman, David Cresson, and had been an American flyer until grounded on account of an eye accidentally blinded by a steel splinter. But two fears haunt the lovers: David Cresson's brother who may turn up at any time, and Kurt's faithless wife Hilda who may prove a barrier to their ultimate happiness.

In training for combat, Kurt demonstrates that he is a dead shot while in flight. Under fire he is fearless. So he is sent with a bombing squadron to Norway. During a fierce battle with a flock of Messerschmitts one of them rams into the Blenheim bomber in which Kurt is the gunner. His pilot and the young bomb aimer are killed. Both Messerschmitt and Blenheim go plunging into the sea. Kurt, terribly wounded, manages to pull the rip cord of his parachute.

Not far from where he lands in the ocean is the floating wreck of a German plane. More dead than alive, he paddles to it, and discovers it holds the body of a slain flyer. At a distance he sees what he thinks are Nazi trawlers. To himself he swears he won't be taken prisoner. Acting on impulse, he dons the dead German flyer's suit and slides the body into the sea.

His scheme works. A trawler takes him to Wilhelmshaven air base where he is identified as Leutnant Otto von Retz from his tag. He convalesces in the hospital. But any minute he may be unmasked. He must get away! How? Suddenly, an armada of German planes arrives at Wilhelmshaven.

you too long in advance, for enemy scout planes to discover."

"They won't tell us when we're to go until the last moment. But the men in our squadron all think it will be Saturday." The big man laughed. "You know. One of those week-end surprises."

"Well," Kurt sighed, rising. "I wish I were well enough to join you." He smiled then, clicked his heels, and saluted; explaining he had to get back to the hospital. "Perhaps we'll have the pleasure of meeting again," he finished.

Their farewells were as friendly as his. And on his way up the path he walked slowly. He mustn't return exhausted. But his temples throbbed and his thoughts were riotous.

I've got to do it, he determined. What awaited him in England was of no consequence. Even escape was no longer his sole motive. There was something else now. For by going he could destroy the effectiveness of this German attack. To have it anticipated by the British, blocked and smashed—what greater opportunity could a soldier ask? In a military sense, everything that had happened to him in the past weeks and months would find its vindication. He would have served a purpose. All he needed was the courage to fly to England with news of the massed planes.

Going up the long path he stopped frequently to rest. He could see the men in the garden; and once it seemed to him that somebody waved. For the most part, however, he devoted his pauses to gazing down at the airport.

And queer reflections came to him. About himself. About what he had once been and what he had now become. He couldn't help smiling a little, bitterly, when he remembered the stirring ideals that had sent him into the Royal Air Force. He had been a sort of zealot. When he'd spoken of his feelings to Claudia, they had been vast in scope— Yes, he had gone into the Force with the emotions of a crusader.

FUNDAMENTALLY, he knew he still cherished all those feelings. They had never ceased, even for a second, to seethe in him. Yet—

He sat down, resting, and plucked a few blades of grass from between his boots. And his mind went across the North Sea to Claudia.

Suppose he managed to return safely to England. What then? Could there ever be a repetition of those sublime hours they had known together, when he had kissed her and all else in life had been forgotten? No. That was over. A dream that could never recur. For one thing, sooner or later he'd be sent to prison for his impersonation of David Cresson. There'd be no keeping the man's brother away from Craymoor if ever Kurt returned. And once he was in prison, what relationship could there be between the daughter of a Vice Air Marshal and a convict? Especially a convict with a wife somewhere in Germany!

Kurt sighed as he rose and proceeded up the path. Sometimes he wished he hadn't come to love Claudia so deeply. Without love there would be none of this pain, none of this sense of abject futility. When he looked into the future at all, it was invariably to see Claudia. And to see her as one hopelessly unattainable made all of the future seem barren and purposeless and without color.

Suddenly, as he approached the garden, he snapped up his head and the muscles of his face bunched into tiny hard lumps.

He mustn't let himself think of Claudia now. He must think only of tomorrow. Of escape. Of every contingency that might arise to block him. That, after all, was the only thing which could still save his life from becoming a complete and useless failure—getting back to England with a warning of the proposed attack.

The weeks of Kurt's recuperation at the Wilhelmshaven hospital had not been kind to Claudia Gage.

"My dear," her aunt scolded in the London apartment, "you've simply got to stop thinking of him." She knew everything about Kurt now. "You're letting grief devitalize you. And you mustn't. Least of all, during war. We've got to keep our chins up, all of us, and carry on."

Claudia nodded. But it wasn't easy, keeping your chin up with the memory of death. She was working harder than ever in organizing women for war service. Work could stultify your brain like alcohol; it could exhaust you so that you sank into sleep without thinking, without dreaming. Sometimes she worked sixteen hours a day, sometimes longer, and volunteered for every task she could find, until a few of her superiors—and her aunt too—protested in alarm.

But she found it the best way.

There had been another letter from Mr. Helger in Stockholm. He had been to Berlin. And when Claudia read his report about Hilda Freel, she stared at the paper incredulously. After a time it jerked a little cry from her—a sound of mingled anguish and helplessness and futility.

What did it matter now what Hilda had done? Hilda's actions could no longer affect Claudia's life. She put the letter aside and her eyes were flooded with tears. . . .

Occasionally she studied her reflection in her mirror for a few brief moments. She looked spent. Her eyes seemed darker. They held no hint of the gaiety they had once known.

She thought, *No, I mustn't think of Kurt. I mustn't!* . . .

Then she would go into the drawing room, and there was the fireplace before which she had sat with Kurt, where he had kissed her. He seemed still to be there. She had a feeling he would always be there.

"Marcia," she suddenly told her maid, "I'm going away."

"You're leaving London, Miss Gage?"

"No; I—I want to live at a hotel

Because of . . .

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for a while. For a month or two."

It was necessary, she told herself. In this room she was permitting herself to become morbid. And that was bad. Her aunt was right. You had to carry on. Perhaps it would be easier to live here again after a few months. But now—now it still hurt too deeply every time she glanced toward the fireplace.

When Claudia's aunt learned of her decision, she telephoned, "But, my dear, how absurd to go to some hotel! You're perfectly welcome to move in with me—in fact, I quite insist on it. I won't have you moping alone in some beastly room. You don't imagine a thing like *that* will help, do you?"

She saw that her aunt was right again. She had to act rationally, intelligently, if she were to regain her emotional balance. So she agreed.

And she moved into her aunt's home on the day Kurt decided to attempt an escape from the Wilhelmshaven airport.

IN the morning, immediately after breakfast, Kurt lighted a cigarette and started for the garden. He was the first of the patients to go. As he passed Leutnant Vegerhof, in his wheel chair near the door, the young officer asked a bit wistfully, "Off for another walk?"

"Yes, I think so."

Vegerhof looked down at his leg, and a weary smile came to his lips. "Well, I don't blame you. It must be good to feel human again."

Kurt felt a pang of sympathy for the man. He even wished, for an instant, that there were some way of saying good-by to Vegerhof. But of course there wasn't. He contented himself with dropping a friendly hand on the lieutenant's shoulder and saying with all the reassurance he could manage: "You'll be all right soon. You'll be getting around."

Then he went out. And though his body pounded with excitement, his manner gave no indication of it. He walked quite casually.

It was one of those days that alternated misty sunshine with shadows. The morning haze still hung thinly over the sea, and clouds drifted overhead; but every few moments the sun would flood the haze with its gold, and the whole world suddenly shone and sparkled.

When Kurt started down the path, he went slowly. He mustn't betray haste or tension, he warned himself.

A few planes, he saw, were already in the sky, droning lazily around the airport. One or two others were taking off, perhaps on patrol flights. And that was good. Such activity would tend to make his own movements less conspicuous.

Halfway down the path he glanced back over his shoulder. Somebody was watching him from the garden fence. Kurt paused, and his breath caught in his chest. He had a moment's terror of being called back. But the man above did nothing.

After that he proceeded more slowly, as though he had no definite destination. Now and then he even forced himself to stop and gaze over the sea, like one making the most of a new and glorious freedom.

By the time he reached the bottom the man was no longer at the hospital fence, and Kurt's manner changed.

He straightened, became brisk. As he started toward the hangars, his eyes regained some of their old grim keenness. He crossed the airfield boldly, walking along lines of planes. Whenever he passed mechanics, they came to attention with a click of heels and a salute. It hurt his arm slightly to acknowledge those salutes; it was still stiff and a little numb, especially around the shoulder. But he could use it—that was the only thing that mattered. He could make it work.

Kurt went directly to the hangar in which he had seen the officers disappear to leave their flying suits.

When he entered, he found the kits arrayed in neat stacks on workbenches along the side wall. He went toward them without hesitation. Mechanics working on two planes could see him; so could other men lounging about the place. His nerves quivered as he crossed the concrete floor. He felt like a one-man parade passing in review before thousands of eyes.

Poise—that's what you had to maintain; an air of going about your business confidently. . . .

He didn't make the mistake of taking the first flying suit to which he came. Instead he walked along the line of workbenches, picking up a name tag here and there. Finally for the benefit of any one who might be watching, he appeared to reach his own.

He dressed quickly. Nobody approached him; no one seemed even to notice him.

They don't doubt me, he thought tensely when he walked out of the hangar. *I'll get by. Once I'm in the air, they can't stop me!*

HE went toward Messerschmitts drawn up in lines as symmetrical and undeviating as soldiers at attention. There were more than a hundred of them. Most of the pilots were still at the barracks, but he could see men in flying suits here and there, in consultation with mechanics.

As he walked, Kurt became aware of four men following him. A ground crew. He did not look back. He could hear that they weren't marching fast enough to overtake him; keeping their distance. That meant they had no intention of asking questions. Their duty was to help him take off.

He did not stop at the first Messerschmitt. As in the case of the suits, he went on as if to seek his own. Midway along a line of single-seater fighters he came to one marked ME 2323.

And here Kurt paused. He made a pretense of squinting up into the skies while he drew on his gloves.

A mechanic stepped forward to salute. "Everything in order, Herr Leutnant. Petrol tanks full."

"Very good."

"Orders are to pull the machines out of line before we start the engines, Herr Leutnant."

Kurt nodded. One of the mechanics opened the door of the cockpit, stood back at attention, and slammed the door again after Kurt had settled in his seat. Then the plane was wheeled out of line, and that afforded a few moments for a swift review of the complicated instrument panel and controls.

He felt strangely at ease. That was one thing years of flying experience gave you—confidence the instant you were at the controls. He recalled every Messerschmitt detail that had been pointed out and discussed by the men at Craymoor.

WHILE the ground crew dragged him out of line and turned the nose of his machine toward the runway, he adjusted the seat straps. Outside one of the men called, "Ready, Herr Leutnant!"

Again he nodded. He turned the ignition switch, and a moment later the roar of the engine went through his whole being like a thrill. The plane trembled, and he trembled with it. He gave the motor time to warm up, meanwhile snapping the earphones over his head. He had to do that, if only for the sake of the mechanics who were watching.

There was a buzz in the phones. It seemed to him he could detect a faint voice, too. He wanted desperately to run away. But he couldn't do that—not yet. He had to give the engine its chance. Everything must be done normally.

It occurred to him, suddenly, that he had a violent headache. It came, no doubt, from the terrific poundings of excitement in him. But he ignored it. In fact, he managed a faint smile as he waved to the mechanics.

Then the motor was functioning smoothly, steadily, and he gave it more power. He started taxiing toward the runway. And as he began moving, the earphones abruptly produced a clear, sharp voice. It came, he knew, from the observation tower over the center hangar. And it said:

"ME 2323. ME 2323. Stay where you are. We have received no flying orders for you."

He didn't dare answer. His heart seemed to be working more furiously than the motor. He could feel perspiration ooze out of his skin. A driblet of it wriggled from his temple down over his cheek to his jaw.

"ME 2323. ME 2323! Do not take off! We have no flying orders!"

Kurt taxied along faster. He was on the apron of the runway now, turning southward into the wind. The mechanics, following at a dogtrot, were still behind him. He looked back once, toward the distant control tower, and his lips drew in tightly against his teeth.

Then the voice in the earphones, no longer talking to him, was crying angrily: "The fool isn't listening! Call Hangar 5! Have them send somebody out there to stop him!"

Kurt was on the runway now. Flushed, hot, eyes burning. He shot a last look at the flashing glass of the control tower—a look full of defiance. And a grin came to twist his mouth, savage rather than mirthful. He gave the plane the gun. . . .

"ME 2323! ME 2323! Stop where you are! You have no orders—"

Kurt actually laughed. A burst of harsh, meaningless laughter. He was racing over the runway now. Faster—faster. He didn't even look at the instrument panel. He trusted his flying instinct to tell him when to take off. Two hundred yards. Almost three hundred . . .

Then he was in the air.

Zooming up, up at ever-increasing speed, with the motor thundering and the whole plane whining. Soaring up over the sea.

He looked back. Two men were rushing out of Hangar 5, waving to him frantically. The earphones were shouting:

"ME 2323! ME 2323! You are ordered to land at once! You are ordered to—"

What was the use of listening? A sense of wild exhilaration rushed through him. He had done it! He was off! Spiritually he soared as gloriously as the plane itself.

Up to 2,500 feet. And doing better than 200 miles an hour. They were amazing, these planes. Germany's answer to the British Spitfires, which could climb 11,000 feet in less than five minutes and plunge into battle at 360 miles an hour.

When he turned in the cockpit, he could see a few planes being wheeled out of line. Tiny toys far below, far behind. Did that mean pursuit?

Looking upward, he saw cloud banks ahead. At 10,000 feet, he judged. That was perfect. He'd plunge into them. Lose himself in clouds. They'd never see him up there. He'd head due westward, by dead reckoning, straight for the coast of England.

The Messerschmitt screamed along at 300 now. He knew it was capable of more. But he sent it climbing again. Up toward the clouds. Toward oblivion. . . .

After a while he heard the frenzied voice in the phones calling other planes—pilots already in the sky—instructing them to follow or intercept the Messerschmitt.

Then again came the frantic: "ME 2323! ME 2323!"

Kurt lifted the nose to the clouds and plunged into them. At 12,000 feet he leveled off to fly blind through thick gray mist that completely engulfed him.

Now 320 miles an hour. England could be no more than an hour and fifteen minutes away. . . .

FOR twenty minutes, during which he traveled almost a hundred miles, Kurt tore into clouds and out of them. Sometimes he crossed wide expanses of clear air, over a sea that was blue and glistening in morning sunshine. And at such times he peered upward and behind him, seeking planes.

The angry voice in the earphones, harsh and staccato now, was still urging aircraft in the sky to seek ME 2323. Kurt had to keep a vigil for them. What would happen if he encountered any, he didn't know. Would they fire at another German plane? Possibly. It all depended, he supposed, on what orders Wilhelmshaven issued. So, in constant uncertainty, he continued to search the skies. And once he took a few precautionary minutes to experiment with blasts of bullets from the machine gun in front of him. The ground crew had assured him everything was in order; no doubt that included the gun.

For another half hour he droned on, and the engine echoed in his heart. He decided, on impulse, that instead of bearing due west he would swing toward Craymoor. Just a few points to the north. It might take an additional forty-five minutes to find Craymoor. Still, if he could reach it, he would be among men he knew. Home. The steppingstone to a prison cell, perhaps, but home. And, too, in the back of his mind lay the vague, yearning hope that Claudia might by this time again be at Craymoor.

SO, climbing into another bank of clouds at 14,000 feet, Kurt veered slightly northward.

He had no means of knowing where he would strike the coast of Scotland. All he could be sure of was that if he continued westward he must, sooner or later, touch some part of the British Isles. And that knowledge had to suffice.

He was almost three quarters of the way across the North Sea, and was congratulating himself on his luck in not encountering any German planes, when he shot out of clouds into a vast clear reach of sunshine. Here, ahead of him, he saw a squadron of cruisers down on the water.

Six of them. They looked very small. Slivers of steel floating on the sea. Long streamers of smoke trailing them. British, of course. The Germans couldn't be parading in the North Sea.

Suddenly, while he squinted down, a puff of smoke, tiny and gray, blossomed on one of them. Instantly, a few hundred yards to his right, there was a great blast that sent a tremor through the Messerschmitt. A cloud of gray-black smoke burst out of nowhere. And while he gaped at it in amazement another exploded beyond it, and a third above. . . .

Kurt gasped. They were firing at him! All six British cruisers were sending up an antiaircraft barrage!

From one peril to another! How can Kurt escape this new six-fold threat of annihilation? And if he does, won't all the British Isles be waiting to welcome him with antiaircraft guns? What of that vitally important warning he has to deliver? Stunning developments await you in next week's Liberty.

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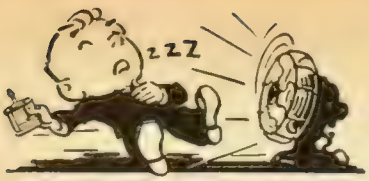

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40 ANSWERS

By Mark Sullivan

to his questions on page 18

1—Seven years, 10 months, 16 days. After he was inaugurated, March 4, 1933, the date of future inaugurations was changed to January 20.

2—Secretary of Agriculture Wallace's father, Henry C. Wallace, was Secretary of Agriculture under President Harding.

3—James A. Garfield.

4—Cleveland; Wilson.

5—John Steinbeck, in his recent novel of that name; and Julia Ward Howe in Battle Hymn of the Republic, at the time of the Civil War.

6—Theodore Roosevelt; Woodrow Wilson; Calvin Coolidge; Herbert Hoover; Franklin Roosevelt.

7—Five: Black, Reed, Douglas, Frankfurter, Murphy.

8—"We, the people."

9—"When, in the course of human events."

10—Mrs. Paul Wilson is better known as Miss Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor.

11—Queen Elizabeth.

12—Stephen Grover Cleveland; Thomas Woodrow Wilson; Herbert Clark Hoover.

13—President Franklin D. Roosevelt; Thomas A. Edison.

14—Walter Lippmann, Eleanor Roosevelt, Dorothy Thompson.

15—Alice blue for Alice Roosevelt Longworth, when her father, Theodore Roosevelt, was President; and Eleanor blue for Mrs. Eleanor (Franklin D.) Roosevelt.

16—Hoover. Iowa.

17—Ninety-five. The full Senate is ninety-six; but one member is a woman, Mrs. Caraway of Arkansas.

18—There are 425. The full House is 435, but seven members are women, and there are three vacancies.

19—Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, Mrs. Grover Cleveland, Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Mrs. William H. Taft, Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, Mrs. Calvin Coolidge.

20—New York, with thirteen Secretaries of State.

21—Smith of South Carolina, in the Senate thirty-two years.

22—Senators are elected for six-year terms; so many Democrats were elected in 1936 and 1938 that they will hold over and probably make a Democratic majority.

23—(*a*) William Jennings Bryan; (*b*) Franklin D. Roosevelt; (*c*) William H. Taft; (*d*) Charles E. Hughes; (*e*) Theodore Roosevelt.

24—Agricultural Adjustment Administration; Civilian Conservation Corps; Securities and Exchange Commission; Works Progress Administration.

25—Abe Lincoln in Illinois.

26—Mrs. Warren Harding, Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, Mrs. Herbert Hoover.

27—(*a*) Vice-President Garner; (*b*) Thomas Corcoran, New Deal adviser of President Roosevelt; (*c*) Mayor La-Guardia of New York; (*d*) Senator Smith of South Carolina; (*e*) The late Huey Long.

28—Helsingfors and St. Petersburg or Petrograd.

29—Symbol of the National Recovery Administration during the early part of the New Deal.

30—(*a*) and (*b*) Franklin Roosevelt; (*c*) Woodrow Wilson; (*d*) Warren G. Harding; (*e*) Theodore Roosevelt.

31—To pass the neutrality measure.

32—(*a*) Hughes; (*b*) McReynolds; (*c*) Stone; (*d*) Roberts; (*e*) Black; (*f*) Reed; (*g*) Douglas; (*h*) Frankfurter; (*i*) Murphy.

33—Neville Chamberlain; Nevile Henderson.

34—(*a*) Democratic congresswoman from New Jersey; (*b*) the President's secretary; (*c*) Republican congresswoman from Massachusetts; (*d*) Democratic congresswoman from New York.

35—Prohibition enforcement officer in the Department of Justice.

36—Der Führer; Il Duce; El Caudillo.

37—Women were given suffrage by the Nineteenth Amendment, adopted August 26, 1920.

38—Jefferson, on his birthday, April 13; Jackson, on the day he fought the Battle of New Orleans, January 8.

39—Roosevelt: Happy Days Are Here Again. Al Smith: Sidewalks of New York.

40—Charles Curtis; Charles Curtis.

Jackie Mitchell, girl pitcher, after striking out Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig, shakes hands with the beaming Babe as Lou (left) and Joe Engel look on.

Baseball and BALLYHOO

Make 'em laugh! A diamond Barnum's recipe for success

BY JOE ENGEL

Operator of the Chattanooga Baseball Club

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

I'M just a minor leaguer who is a little punch-drunk from being called such names as the "Barnum of Baseball" or the "Baron of Ballyhoo" merely because I'm operating a ball club on the simple theory: Make 'em laugh.

As a player, a scout, and now an owner, I have clung to the fundamental belief that fans paying their way into a ball park are in a mood for fun. They don't buy tickets for the privilege of crying on some one's shoulder.

Of course that ball club I had at Chattanooga in 1938 would make anybody break down and sob. It was pitiful. So I hung thirty cages of sweet-singing canaries in the grandstand. I gave them the bird, in my characteristically refined manner, and everybody started laughing again.

Even a good ball club, though, needs a little meringue on top. When we were winning the Southern League pennant last September, all the people were thinking of war in Europe and apparently staying at home to discuss it. At least, our attendance indicated such.

On Sunday the newspapers carried big advertisements stating that at the ball park that afternoon Joe Engel would conduct a three-way international telephone hook-up with Adolf Hitler and Neville Chamberlain, at Berlin and London respectively.

The place was packed. I appeared at home plate completely headphoned and microphoned.

"Heil, Hitler!" I shouted in my best transatlantic voice.

"Heil, Engel, you heel!" resounded "Adolf's" thick Germanic reply.

Then I called him everything. We argued. The crowd roared.

In the amusement business I figure you have to give people a few surprises. Don't get me wrong. Baseball is a great show in itself. But in the minors it needs such giving now and then. I actually gave away a $15,000 house and lot at one game. That was to celebrate the beginning of night baseball in Chattanooga. We tied in with a chain of grocery stores in distribution of the tickets, and wound up with a crowd of 26,000—a league record. Many people who had never seen a game came out. It made future fans.

That crowd would have been topped if Dizzy Dean had accepted my challenge in the spring of 1936. He was to appear in an exhibition game in Chattanooga, and failed to show up. Thousands of kids were disappointed. Later on Dean got into a fight with a sports writer at Tampa. "You're just as dumb as I thought, fighting for nothing," I telegraphed him. "I offer you $10,000 cash to fight me at home plate in Chattanooga any day you set."

Judge Landis stopped that. It would have drawn 50,000 people. I was mad, too, having trained into such fine condition—197 pounds, soaked. It must have frightened Dean. At least, he doesn't seem to have been the same since, and I can prove that by P. K. Wrigley.

In other contacts with major leaguers I have had better luck. When the world champion Yankees came to town for an exhibition, I unearthed a girl pitcher for the Chattanooga club who struck out Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig in succession. The consequent publicity caused the young lady to get exhibition pitching bookings all over the country.

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capita, I'm told, came from an Opening Day elephant hunt we staged. For weeks I kept the details mysteriously secret, but finally admitted hesitantly that an elephant—" the only elephant with twins "—would be killed by hunters inside the park.

All the press services carried stories about it. I was flooded with communications from magazines, newsreels, radio stations—and humane societies. A few days beforehand a barn was built in center field, and at almost any hour of the night near-by residents could hear elephantine roars. Guards permitted no one near the " animals." The night before the game a mammoth parade featured three tightly closed trucks from which protruded a little hay and a constant growling. I had all my ballplayers vaccinated for jungle fever.

The next afternoon 15,000 turned out to see scantily clad Negroes with spears dash out of grass huts yelling, and see hunters with rifles on wooden horses stalk their prey and finally bag the cloth pachyderm. Not only that, but Donald Duck laid an egg right on second base.

Do gags ever backfire? Sure. You can't hit .1000 in the Stunt League, either. I took the elephant hunt to Atlanta and inserted in the newspapers an advertisement requesting a ton of hay. When I was suddenly awakened by a bellboy at five o'clock the next morning, some farmer had a wagonload of hay almost in the hotel lobby. I had to pay off, but I always will suspect sabotage.

WHEN I first came to Chattanooga and traded Johnny Jones, a shortstop we had, to Charlotte, North Carolina, even up for a turkey, I was stung too. The turkey was as old as Johnny and about as tough.

Then there was the time the newspaper boys ribbed up the radio announcer broadcasting our games. He was a new man and they told him I sometimes got so excited at games that I went raving mad, and told him to be careful, please.

I agreed to do my part for the sports writers, and one day sociably entered the broadcasting booth. During an eighth-inning rally (after slipping bromo seltzer into my mouth) I suddenly exploded, mumbling and spewing and foaming. The announcer left the mike and, before I could make a getaway, emptied a bucket of water on me.

I've had personal proof that everybody likes to laugh, from league presidents to umpires. When Federal Judge John D. Martin was head of our circuit, he knocked over three chairs and upset the table at a league directors' meeting in our office, trying frantically to get to the telephone after hearing a " radio news broadcast " that fire was sweeping the city of Memphis. Of course I was doing the broadcasting from the next room.

At one of our afternoon games last season, I saw Umpire Buck Campbell sitting in the grandstand. He explained that he was scheduled to work in Knoxville but had been advised the game was postponed, so stopped over for a busman's holiday. I framed our scoreboard boy to hang up results of the Knoxville game every two or three innings, just as if it were being played. Campbell, thinking he had missed his assignment, went nuts.

Ever humorless Rogers Hornsby, who wound up managing my 1938 club, got a kick out of the gift of a horse and jockey cap to him at home plate, despite his widely publicized weakness for the nags.

I do have my serious moments, though. All my life I had thought how fine it would be to have the fans themselves as part owners of a ball club. Chattanooga now has just that —the only city in the world so distinguished.

Exactly 1,628 citizens responded to my novel idea by buying shares of stock priced at five dollars. It's their club, of the people, for the people, by the people—a wonderful stimulant to civic pride. At the end of our first year of fan ownership I declared a stock dividend of an apple and two gumdrops.

THE most serious moment of my baseball career was on a July day in 1928, when I was scouting for Washington. I went out on a limb and bought from Kansas City a kid shortstop by the name of Joe Cronin. He was hitting just .245. Pittsburgh had sent him back to the minors, but I paid $7,500 for him.

On top of this, two or three days later young Cronin told me he didn't know whether he wanted to keep on playing ball or not. He was discouraged. I kept him on the road with me several days, pepping him up before taking him in to Washington.

That's the same Cronin who was sold to the Boston Red Sox by Clark Griffith in 1935 for the record price of $250,000.

Griff says, however, that wasn't the best deal I ever made. I discovered fellows like Buddy Myer, Goose Goslin, Joe Kuhel, Cecil Travis, Buddy Lewis, Bing Miller, Sam Rice, Fred Marberry, Alvin Crowder, Bump Hadley, Ossie Bluege, Sammy West, Tom Zachary, and the present manager of the Senators, Bucky Harris.

None of those represents the best deal, according to Mr. Griffith. For that he goes back to the unusual circumstances of how I began as his scout. My major-league pitching days were over and a Middle-Western club offered to trade a player it had for me.

" Go out there and swap yourself off," Mr. Griffith told me. " Pick a good player, send him here, and you stay there."

I looked over the Minneapolis players and chose Ed Gharrity, a big catcher who had such a great season with Washington the first year that Mr. Griffith immediately hired me as a scout.

" If you can get such a good catcher for such a lousy pitcher," he said, " you're good enough to scout for me."

THE END

A GANGSTER DROPS HIS GAT

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

★★★ BROTHER ORCHID

THE PLAYERS: Edward G. Robinson, Ann Sothern, Humphrey Bogart, Donald Crisp, Ralph Bellamy, Allen Jenkins, Charles D. Brown, Cecil Kellaway, Morgan Conway, Richard Lane, Paul Guilfoyle, John Ridgely, Joseph Crehan, Wilfred Lucas, Tom Tyler, Dick Wessell, Granville Bates, Paul Phillips, Don Rowan, Nanette Vallon, Tim Ryan, Joe Caites, Pat Gleason, Tommy Baker. Screen play by Earl Baldwin based on a story by Richard Connell. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 91 minutes.

EDWARD ROBINSON has traded his gat for a halo.

Richard Connell had an ingenious idea here: A tough gang leader is taken for a ride by his late henchmen, escapes wounded, falls unconscious at the door of a monastery. The good monks take in Little John Sarto, nurse him back to health. Because he's afraid of reappearing in public, he becomes a probationer, takes the name of Brother Orchid. The monks raise flowers, sell them to New York florists for the benefit of the poor. When a "protective association" of gangsters suddenly blocks their sales, Brother Orchid goes out into the world again—and cleans up. Then we are asked to believe that he returns, happy in his peaceful contemplation of spiritual things, to tend his zinnias, having passed up both the rackets and blonde flip Flo Addams.

Eddie Robinson is excellent as the restless racketeer who evolves into Brother Orchid. Ann Sothern, too, is amusing as Flo, ex-hat-check girl who worships Little John. A nice bit is

A good film emerges as Mr. Robinson goes in for the better life

furnished by Allen Jenkins as Sarto's factotum, Willie the Knife. Lloyd Bacon's direction has discretion and is smoothly sustained.

VITAL STATISTICS: Ten years ago an obscure little actress named Harriette Lake got the gate at the Warner Studios. Recently Ann Sothern occupied a star dressing room at the same plant. Ann and Harriette are one and the same, but what a difference! In the interim Ann had a pretty tough time landing in films. It wasn't until she did the comedy heroine of Trade Winds opposite Freddy March that she won a real place. . . . Donald Crisp has been planning a twelve-week vacation, sailing his own boat around Cape Horn. Leaves after two more films. . . . Humphrey Bogart was born on Christmas Day, 1900, attended Andover, got his first stage job in a William A. Brady production. Created the bad man in the footlight production of The Petrified Forest. When the films did it, Bogart went along. Been a celluloid menace ever since. . . . Ralph Bellamy spent three hours mastering the technique of hand rolling a cigarette.

★★½ WOMEN IN WAR

THE PLAYERS: Elsie Janis, Wendy Barrie, Patric Knowles, Mae Clarke, Dennie Moore, Dorothy Peterson, Billy Gilbert, Colin Tapley, Stanley Logan, Barbara Pepper, Pamela Randall, Lawrence Grant, Lester Matthews. Screen story by F. Hugh Herbert and Doris Anderson. Directed by John H. Auer. Produced by Republic. Running time, 71 minutes.

ONE of the first of an inevitable avalanche of war films. Pamela Starr is a spoiled young woman, lonely daughter of a British colonel who divorced his wife some twenty years before. Suddenly Pam finds herself on trial for murder, she having pushed a drunken amorous captain from her so hard that he falls through a balustrade to his death. Once she's acquitted, she joins a nursing corps, goes to France and there comes under the guidance of—you've guessed it—her long missing mother.

Elsie Janis is the head of the nursing unit who succeeds in turning daughter from bitterness to bravery. Wendy Barrie is the little girl who has grown up neglected and cynical. Patric Knowles is pretty pallid as the right man who comes along in an air raid. Elsie Janis has no opportunity to do any of the things for which she's famous. It's a straight dramatic role. The war interludes are surprisingly

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

Mae Clarke, Dennie Moore, Wendy Barrie, and Patric Knowles in Women in War.

well done for a film produced with economy and a comparative minor overhead.

VITAL STATISTICS: If you know your wars, you recall Elsie Janis' part in the fracas to end fracases, as the "Sweetheart of the A. E. F." Fresh from starring in The Century Girl, Elsie went to France, fought red tape to a finish, managed to tour the camps and hospitals, did a swell job of entertaining the doughboys. Gave 963 performances in less than nine months, an average of 3½ a day. Once she did eleven shows in one day. Pershing commented, " Elsie, you are worth an army corps." . . . Wendy Barrie, for five years a Hollywood blonde, reverts to her natural hair tint here. It's a soft chestnut color. . . . Patric Knowles has a brother, Bill, in the British Royal Air Force. Another, Phillip, was in Durban, South Africa, at the outbreak of war, enlisted in an African contingent, recently was reported missing. Patric himself is a reserve flyer in the British Air Force.

★ ★½ TURNABOUT

THE PLAYERS: Adolphe Menjou, Carole Landis, John Hubbard, William Gargan, Verree Teasdale, Mary Astor, Donald Meek, Joyce Compton, Inez Courtney, Franklin Pangborn, Marjorie Main, Berton Churchill, Margaret Roach, Ray Turner, Norman Budd, Polly Ann Young. Screen play by Mickell Novak, Berne Giler, and John McClain, based on the novel by Thorne Smith. Directed by Hal Roach. Produced by Hal Roach-United Artists. Running time, 83 minutes.

THORNE SMITH wrote his whimsey about a husband and a wife who looked upon each other as having a pretty soft time of it—until they made a wish before a bust of the god Ram. The god takes them at their wish and the two suddenly exchange bodies and sexes. This mix-up is amusing, really funny in spots, but it isn't quite as comic as it sounds. Principally because John Hubbard and Carole Landis are lacking in comedy resource and farcical skill. Actually the best work is contributed by Adolphe Menjou and William Gargan as the other members of Willows, Manning and Clare.

VITAL STATISTICS: Carole Landis hails from Fairfield, Wisconsin, taken to California as a baby, educated at San Diego and San Bernardino. Sang and danced with orchestras in Frisco, film debut in Varsity Show. . . . John Hubbard was born in East Chicago, Indiana; dad a steel exec. John went to the University of Indiana. Discovered by a Paramount scout playing at the Goodman in Chicago. Likes fishing, can pilot a plane. . . . Jewels worn by Landis, Astor, and Compton totaled $112,632. Insurance for one day was $4,000. Two guards stood by. . . . Verree Teasdale is Mrs. Menjou, is a cousin of Edith Wharton and Sara Teasdale. Likes popcorn and puns (good ones). Intimates call her Voo-voo.

★ ★ QUEEN OF THE MOB

THE PLAYERS: Ralph Bellamy, William Henry, Paul Kelly, Jean Cagney, Blanche Yurka, Hedda Hopper, Jack Carson, James Seay, Richard Denning, J. Carrol Naish. Screen play by Horace McCoy and William Lipman, based on J. Edgar Hoover's Persons in Hiding. Directed by James Hogan. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 61 minutes.

ANOTHER in the series of minor features derived from G-man J. Edgar Hoover's Persons in Hiding and, if you ask me, as you won't, a rather immoral crime yarn. All about kindly faced Ma Webster who leads her three sons on a pilgrimage of bank robbery and murder, sorely tries her one honest and upright son, finally goes down with her bad offspring before the gunfire of the federal agents.

Blanche Yurka is good enough as Ma Webster who can decorate a Christmas tree as neatly as she can a bank watchman, effective enough to make you feel a little sorry for her, which you shouldn't. Lively melodrama but not for little Willie.

VITAL STATISTICS: Jean Cagney is a sister of Jimmy. Jean first planned to be a woman doctor, following in the footsteps of two big brothers, Drs. Harry and Edward Cagney of Bayside, Long Island. These two talked her out of it, persuaded her to try Hollywood. Out there Jimmy and another brother, Bill, now a producer, helped a lot. She polished off at the Pasadena Community Playhouse, took screen tests, got a Paramount contract.

★ ★ THE SAINT TAKES OVER

THE PLAYERS: George Sanders, Wendy Barrie, Jonathan Hale, Paul Guilfoyle, Morgan Conway, Robert Emmett Keane, Cyrus W. Kendall, James Burke, Robert Middlemass, Roland Drew, Nella Walker, Pierre Watkin. Screen play by Lynn Root and Frank Fenton based on the stories by Leslie Charteris. Directed by Jack Hively. Produced by RKO Radio. Running time, 69 minutes.

THIS is another in the mystery detective series built about the debonair, fast-thinking Simon Templar, reckless Raffles and headache for the police of two continents, who comes to the rescue of his friendly enemy, Inspector Fernack. The inspector has been framed by a bad gang, some $50,000 being planted in his safe to be " found " later. Fernack is suspended, things look black, there's a lovely girl going about shooting with deadly accuracy to avenge the killing of her brother. But the Saint solves everything.

George Sanders is good as the Saint, Wendy Barrie is a pretty killer, Jonathan Hale is again Inspector Fernack, and Paul Guilfoyle steals a neat hit as a gunman named Pearly Gates.

VITAL STATISTICS: Leslie Charteris has authored some twenty-one of the Saint mystery yarns; this is the fifth to be filmed. Charteris is tall, dark, bemonocled, recently has been living at Palm Springs, California, with his American-born wife and eight-year-old daughter. . . . George Sanders is six feet three, weighs 215, born in Russia of English parents.

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by LISTENER

CLASSICAL

★ ★ ★½ MOZART: *Concerto No. 14 in E Flat Major.* Rudolf Serkin, pianist, and the Adolf Busch Chamber Players. (Victor Album 657.) Beautifully balanced performance of one of Mozart's finest piano concertos. Uniformly excellent recording.

★ ★ ★ SCHUBERT: *Symphony No. 7 in C Major.* Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Frederick Stock, Conductor. (Columbia Set 403.) Powerful rendition of this majestic symphony by one of our best orchestras. Lyrical second movement particularly well done.

★ ★ ★ RAVEL: *Daphnis et Chloë Suite No. 2.* The Philadelphia Orchestra, conducted by Eugene Ormandy. (Victor Album 667.) Glowing atmospheric music brilliantly interpreted by Ormandy and the orchestra.

★ ★ ★ DEBUSSY: *Pagodes and l'Ile Joyeuse.* Walter Gieseking, pianist. (Columbia 69811.) Dynamic performance of colorful sketches by top ranking interpreter of this composer's piano music.

OFF THE BEATEN PATH

★ ★ ★½ *The Girl with the Two Left Feet.* The Revuers. (Musicraft Album N2.) Clever musical satire on Hollywood . . . written, composed, and acted by five talented young people.

★ ★ ★ *Naughty 90's.* Sung by Beatrice Kay with Ray Block's orchestra and the Elm City Four. (Columbia Set C 14.) Grand fun for all concerned. . . . *My Mother Was a Lady, The Nightingale,* and *Waiting at the Church* are particularly droll.

★ ★ ★ *Songs of the South African Veld.* Josef Marias and his band. (Decca Album 113.) Folk songs effectively sung by the leader. Distinctive orchestration and words make for unusual entertainment.

POPULAR

★ ★ ★½ *This Is the Beginning of the End.* Tommy Dorsey's Orchestra. (Victor 26555.) Johnny Mince's clarinet, Tommy's trombone, and Frank Sinatra's voice as excellent as ever. *The Fable of the Rose,* on the other side, a tuneful slow ballad featuring the same vocalist.

★ ★ ★½ *Fools Rush In.* Sung by Mildred Bailey. (Columbia 35463.) Outstanding orchestral accompaniment helps Mildred achieve intimate mood. *From Another World,* on reverse, has a sparkling piano chorus by Teddy Wilson plus Mildred's swell vocalizing.

★ ★ ★ *Let There Be Love.* Kay Kyser's Orchestra. (Columbia 35439.) Brisk number played in pseudo-bolero time. . . . Harry Babbit sings smart lyrics.

★ ★ ★ *Louisiana Purchase.* Hal Kemp's Orchestra. (Victor 26592.) Distinctly Kempian arrangement of new Irving Berlin song. . . . Bob Allen sings. *You Can't Brush Me Off,* a clever rhythm tune by the same composer, with vocal by Janet Blair.

★ ★ ★ *Where Was I?* Charlie Barnet's Orchestra. (Bluebird 10669.) The band proves it can do a job with smooth tunes. Charlie's sax and Mary Ann McCall's vocal are fine. *'Deed I Do,* with same vocalist, is on reverse.

★ ★ ★ *My Wonderful One, Let's Dance.* Bob Chester's Orchestra. (Bluebird 10686.) Danceable arrangement . . . the whole band shows off with clear phrasing, excellent control . . . Dolores O'Neill sings.

SWING

★ ★ ★½ *Guitar in High.* Guitar solo by Teddy Bunn. (Blue Note 504.) Unaccompanied improvising in stomp tempo . . . Teddy's resourcefulness and technique are exceptional. *Blues Without Words,* on reverse, is interesting.

★ ★ ★ *Dinah.* Muggsy Spanier's Band. (Bluebird 10682.) Great Dixieland with change of pace . . . beautiful slow chorus by Muggsy. He shares spotlight with Caiazza's tenor sax and Buskin's piano in *Black and Blue* on other side.

★ ★ ★ *Easy Does It.* Count Basie's Orchestra. (Columbia 35448.) Restrained backgrounds from the band . . . fine choruses from alto sax, muted trumpet, and the Count's distinctive piano.

BERNARR MACFADDEN
EDITORIAL QUOTATION CONTEST
$2,000 in Cash Prizes!

THIS is the sixth week of the Bernarr Macfadden Editorial Quotation Contest offering $2,000 in cash prizes. Have you started your entry yet? There's still time to get into the game, with an excellent chance to win one of the major prizes! You don't intend to let this opportunity slip, do you? Begin by reading the Rules carefully in order to understand just what is required to score successfully. Then turn back to the editorial page and reread Mr. Macfadden's editorial with the contest requirements in mind. When you have selected the sentence or paragraph of your choice, copy it upon the official coupon clipped from this page. Save the filled-in coupon until the end of the contest.

LATE-ENTRY OFFER

For your convenience Liberty has prepared reprints of the first five coupons and editorials. You may obtain a set by writing to the contest address in Rule 6 and enclosing ten cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. These reprints will enable you to bring your entry even with the field.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks, ending in the issue dated August 3, Liberty will publish a Bernarr Macfadden Editorial Quotation Contest coupon.

2. To compete, study carefully the Bernarr Macfadden editorial in each issue in which these coupons appear. Select from each editorial the sentence or paragraph you believe most worthy to be quoted for its power to awaken the reader to his duties as an American citizen. Copy the selected sentence or paragraph on the coupon appearing in the same issue. Use typewriter, pen and ink, or pencil. If you require additional space, paste the coupon on a larger sheet and continue your quotation on that.

3. Save all coupons until the end of the contest and submit them as a unit, together with a statement of not more than fifty words explaining, "The editorial in this series of ten that I liked best, and why."

4. The entry presenting the set of ten quotations which in the opinion of the judges best expresses the Macfadden ideal of patriotic Americanism, accompanied by the most convincing, logical statement, will be awarded the $500 First Prize. In the order of their excellence on this basis other entries will receive the following awards: Second Prize, $200; Third Prize, $100; 20 prizes, $10 each; 200 prizes, $5 each. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

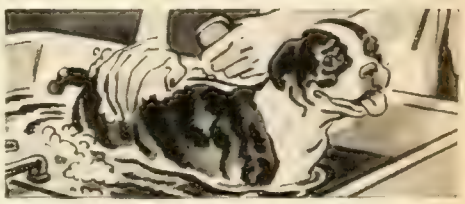
5. The judges will be the editors of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Winning entries become the property of Liberty for publication whenever desired. No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry.

6. Mail entries to Bernarr Macfadden Editorial Quotation Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. All entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, Saturday, August 3, 1940, the closing date of this contest.

BERNARR MACFADDEN EDITORIAL QUOTATION CONTEST

COUPON NO. 6 (Paste this coupon on a larger sheet if you need more space)

Give fleas an inch and they'll take a mile. I had 'em too long, but the Mistress wouldn't listen. Then they got 'round to her — and did I get action! Out went my pillow and into the tub went yours truly — with Sergeant's SKIP-FLEA Soap. The slaughter was terrific — how it kills fleas!



Now the Mistress and I talk the same language — and there's a can of SKIP-FLEA Powder in her desk drawer. If you want to *kill* fleas (and who doesn't?), ask for both SKIP-FLEA Soap and Powder at a drug or pet store . . . and a free Sergeant's DOG BOOK too. (Or mail this coupon.)

Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES

FREE

Polk Miller Products Corp.
Dept. 4-G, Richmond, Va.
Please send a free Sergeant's DOG BOOK to:

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 10¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

TRUTH ABOUT CORNS

A corn is a plug of dead cells (A) whose base presses on sensitive nerves (B).

• Corns are caused by pressure and friction. But now it's easy to remove them. Fit a Blue-Jay pad (C) over the corn. It relieves pain by removing pressure. Special formula (D) acts on corn—gently loosens it so it can be lifted right out. Get Blue-Jay today—25¢ for 6. Same price in Canada.

BAUER & BLACK **BLUE-JAY** CORN PLASTERS

ABSENTEE OWNERSHIP

SIOUX CITY, IOWA—Because of the fearless stand you take on questions where the welfare of the people is concerned, I am writing to call your attention to certain facts which I believe have more to do with the present and future welfare of the people of this country than any other one thing.

I refer to the ever increasing loss of circulating medium which communities like Sioux City have been suffering since the early '20s, through the removal of all net profits made by absentee-owned retail stores of all kinds.

A very conservative estimate made by extensive study shows that Sioux City loses over $2,000,000 annually which the absentee-owned places of business take out in the form of net profits.

I recently started a circulation-rapidity test by tracing twenty-five one-dollar bills, five of which have already been returned, showing they have changed hands more than once each day.

However, if it is figured that money changed hands only twenty times annually, you can readily see that if this $2,000,000 which the absentees take out in the form of net profits had been made by local or resident dealers, most of it would have been spent back into circulation locally as living expenses, or for construction or upkeep of property, and by changing hands *only* twenty times would have produced forty million additional dollars' worth of business and employment, which would more than double the present volume, which the Iowa sales tax shows to be about $35,000,000 annually.

All money spent for living expenses goes directly into the hands of labor and at usual wages gives the laborer just about double the amount received from WPA, and about four times as much as received by those on relief. Therefore it will be seen that through the loss of approximately half of the net profits annually, each city and town has only *half* of the buying power it normally would have.

Since it is buying power that is needed to increase the production and sale of goods of all kinds, it will be seen that a very large percentage of the nation's unemployment is caused by the lack of buying power in every community that has been created through the loss of net profits which have been removed by absentee owners.

In other words, local business men spend approximately 90 per cent of their net profit for living expenses, thus building up the volume of money in circulation, while absentee owners, even after they have robbed each community, don't even spend 10 per cent for living expenses, and in many cases spend it in a foreign country, or, at best, in some resort city where very little good is done so far as increasing buying power is concerned.

One thing is certain, and that is that WPA and relief will have to be continued just as long as these absentee owners are permitted to rob each and every community as at present.—*J. A. Todd.*

SLOT-MACHINE SUBSTITUTE

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.—Speaking of slot machines (June 15 Vox Pop), a storekeeper here was deprived of one of his sources of income,

and missed it. So on his counter he put an ordinary cigar box with a hole in the top and placed above it a sign reading:

"Police got my slot machine. Please drop the money you would have lost in here."

Customers who appreciated the joke filled the box with coins.—*Leland Fonda.*

WHY NOT TO BOTH?

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Reading Fashion Quiz, by Elizabeth Hawes (May 25 Liberty), Question No. 31. I always thought Jean Watteau "gave his name" to a style of hat—not dress. Am I right or wrong?—*J. Gray.*

"Two complete issues of Liberty would be insufficient to print the reaction to Jack Dempsey's 46 Questions" (May 4 Liberty), estimates P. E. Hampton of Dolton, Illinois. "As Jack so truthfully stated, both he and Gene are yet collecting on the *long* count."

A MOTHER'S LOVE LYRIC

ESCANABA, MICH.—Got my Liberty today at Marinette, Wisconsin. I've never missed one. When I'm in South America, Japan, or China I get it. And if you were to stop printing it from today on, you've achieved the ultimate in life in the May 18 issue.

Some one must have reached up to God in his heaven and gathered an armful and a heartful of stars, love, courage, and ethereal beauty and entwined it all on page 20.

Why don't you forewarn us, your readers, when you have ecstasy written in the pages, so we could read it in privacy? Today, on the train, with a lump in my throat and tears in my eyes I read the most beautiful page I've ever read or ever hope to.

What a woman your Marti Secrest must be! I'd like to see her eyes, for the eyes are the mirrors of the soul and she must have a beautiful soul.

That letter should be printed in all the languages of the earth for all mankind.

I'm a bachelor lady of forty-two and have never desired or cared for babies. Today I am reborn—a brave mother's love lyric to her dear daughter is the cause and I am humbled before her.—*K. A.*

"Some day I wonder if you could perhaps organize a competition for overseas readers," writes Bert Stone of Springs, Transvaal, South Africa. "It should be pretty popular."

CREDIT FOR GOVERNOR STARK

WICHITA, KAN.—Your airy-fairy Senator's Daughter in May 25 Liberty gives the credit for overthrowing the Kansas City Pendergast machine to Justice Frank Murphy of the Supreme Court.

I am sure, after hearing a few speeches, that credit should go to my friend Governor Stark of Missouri.—*W. H. Echlor.*

CUT YOUR EYETEETH HERE

EN ROUTE, U. S. A.—I wonder if the two Brooklyn babies who solved that problem so easily (April 27 Vox Pop), or their uncle, would like to try this infantile one:

A man died leaving $5,000 to be divided between his three sons—aged 13, 15, and 16 years and 6 months respectively—in such a proportion that the share of each, being put at simple interest at 6 per cent, should amount to the same sum when they should arrive at the age of 21.

How much was each one's share?—*Virginia L. Middleton.*

FAT MEXICAN PRESIDENTS

LOS MOCHIS, MEX.—All our Presidents here get fat during office. The present one in the year '29, when he was with Calles at a farm where they were quartered, must

have been hungry, for he stowed away fourteen eggs for breakfast and a stock of tortillas, etc.

They all get a good paunch on them. Monterrey beer is very fattening, or inflating at least.

You see, eating so many eggs made Cardenas strong to back up the expropriation act, and if F. D. R. ate a case what would happen?—*G. R. Ussher.*

YANKEES' BOODLE

NORFOLK, VA.—I have a squawk about the article by Paul Krichell (May 25 Liberty). He seems to want to

leave the impression that the Yankees are infallible. They ought to be. They buy all the good players because the other major-league teams *do not have the money.*

It's getting tiresome for the Yanks to have no competition for the championship. Boys are playing on Yankee farms today that should be playing for the American or National League. They cannot play in the big time because the Yanks have no place to put them, and they will not part with a player that they think will help some other club.—*Robert R. Dority.*

¶ **"Bernarr Macfadden's editorials and Shane's puzzles are my favorites," declares E. T. Child of Denver, Colorado, "though the entire magazine is worthy of careful study, as to me it epitomizes real Americanism."**

GRIN AND BARE IT, SONNY!

EL PASO, TEX.—It just happens that I have a gold tooth like the little black boy on your May 18 cover, and now one day after the darn thing (Liberty) came out, no less than ten kids have stuck the thing in my face, and it hurts. No kidding.

You have lost yourself a reader. And I am white, too. —*Paul Whitley.*

¶ **"With all the other tragedies about us, it seems to me that the American public is entitled to a surcease from Mrs. Roosevelt's equivocal opinions on every private or public matter in the world," says Thomas H. Graydon of Roosevelt, New York.**

FROM A FIFTH COLUMNIST

MONTREAL, CAN.—I read with much amusement many of your stupid anti-German articles in your filthy magazine. Soon, much sooner than you idiotic Americans realize, a halt will be made to all of this adverse propaganda. Then you shall pay dearly for your stupidity.

As much as you have unwisely printed, you have but scratched the surface of the intense secret activity there. Activity about which you can do nothing, because you know nothing. I can tell you about this now, because already it is too late for you to act.

Please continue to amuse your stupid public in the meantime. (Watch what happens in Russia, already in the process of being Germanized, Belgium, Switzerland, France and England.) Take good care of Mr. Doherty. Tell him that we read his articles about the famous Canadian airmen who will arrive on the battle front too late. Our respects to Mr. Collings, who was so clever. And kindly convey our contempt for Paffrath, who is obviously a fool.—*A. Zinnsman.*

TIT FOR TAT

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—What does that German Professor Karl Haushofer mean (May 25 Vox Pop) when he says that Germany is fighting for her independence against the insolence of two imperialistic world Powers?

Why, Germany is one of the most insolent countries in the whole world!—*E. R. J.*

TOLSTOI AND ST. JOHN

BALTIMORE, MD.—Is our brilliant and favorite editor, Fulton Oursler, slipping? In May 25 Liberty he says that Leo Tolstoi's War and Peace is the greatest novel ever written. Isn't that a matter of opinion? Why so absolute and authoritative?

Then he goes on to say that the title of Robert Sherwood's play, There Shall Be No Night, is taken from the Book of Revelations. Tut-tut, Fulton, they ain't no sich critter! The title of the last book in the New Testament is The Revelation [in the singular] of St. John the Divine.—*E. S. Middleton.*

[In the opinion of many literary authorities Tolstoi's novel is without peer for scope, grandeur, character, and power. As for "Revelations," that is the accepted everyday term used for the work of St. John written on Patmos.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

¶ **"These days," quips Mrs. E. Vosman of Syracuse, New York, "what is sauce for the gander is applesauce to the goose."**

WHICH IS BROGUEIER?

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—On Mrs. Ethel Roads Garrett's Findin' a Bit of Brogue (May 25 Vox Pop), which is the brogueier, hers or mine? Listen:

Begorry, if th' gintlemon be afther comin' t' th' coal fiel's bechune Saturda' an' Sunda' be th' bahllfield beyant, he'll be afther tahlkin' t' maany th' lad 'n' lug wit' uh bit uh th' brogue frum th' ould counthry. He will thaht!—*Don Dickinson.*

SHE LIKES HERS STRAIGHT

BENTON HARBOR, MICH.—Just a little note to put you wise. My mother (who, by the way, will be seventy-nine her next birthday) swears by Liberty, but just let her look for the Crossword Puzzle and if it is one of those Cock-eyed puzzles she throws the magazine down with disgust and walks out without buying one, muttering to herself, "Such trash!"—*Wm. E. Pancoast.*

PRAISE FOR TCHETCHET

HAVANA, CUBA—Liberty is certainly gaining in appearance since covers made by such artists as Mr. V. Tchetchet give it more than usual attractiveness.

Be assured that your efforts in behalf of the readers are very much appreciated.—*Mrs. L. C. Natenson.*

¶ **"Nominate for President a business man who has had to solve his own economic problems before being called upon to lead the masses out of the wilderness," suggests E. G. Woleslagel of Hutchinson, Kansas. "Isn't this good sense?"**

"Gosh, we didn't think your bridge party would break up so soon, mom!"

Italy Lets an American Cat Out of the Bag

FULTON OURSLER

NEXT WEEK this magazine will print an article not only of intense topical interest but, we firmly believe, of historical importance. For the first time a semiofficial figure lays down a political and philosophical basis for the invasion of the United States by a European Power. This "semiofficial" figure is Virginio Gayda, who is generally regarded as first spokesman for Il Duce on foreign affairs. At my request, Gayda has written a remarkable document for the readers of Liberty. Some weeks ago, through Dr. Gayda's American representatives, I invited him to tell the people of this country what Italy really was after, in the Mediterranean and elsewhere. I had not the slightest expectation, however, that Mussolini's mouthpiece would specify as an Italian sphere of interest the continent on which you and I find ourselves. Yet Italy—*vide* Gayda—demands free access to the Atlantic as one of her primary needs, because there are millions of Italians living in the two Americas in "productive collectivity," and—the words are not mine, but his; here are more of them—"Italy has the right and the duty to . . . provide for their defense." You will find this extraordinary article, factual and overwhelming in its pragmatic frankness, in our next issue. In it Gayda ruthlessly goes far beyond his recent editorial warning to America that a European Power might intervene in our continental affairs. I believe that future historians will consult this article as the beginning of a new phase of world diplomacy.

We print it for many reasons, but one is enough. This is why we need 50,000 airplanes! Italy says she must defend "her" Italians in the Americas! Already Germany speaks not as she used to, of German Americans, which was bad enough; now they are "American Germans." No time to get mad or call names, fellow Americans. Let's build planes instead!

When one side or the other wins over there, we must be ready over here!

WHAT WILL HAPPEN if the Allies are defeated and Nazi Germany is able to impose its will on the continent of Europe? Will there come into being one vast group of absorbed and defeated peoples and nations under the hand of Hitler? *Europa Germanica?* Or will Germany be a lenient victor? The Germans have always felt that they were victims at the Versailles peace table; that not only was their nation unjustly treated but that their very envoys to the treaty conference were publicly scorned and humiliated. How are the Germans, led by Hitler, likely to behave if the positions at the next peace treaty assembly are the reverse of 1918? These, of course, are questions to stir the mind and the imagination. But there are other questions, equally potent.

SUPPOSE THE ALLIES WIN? What kind of peace will *they* impose? Can they escape the very same emotions that filled their hearts and souls in 1918? France has been invaded by the Germans not once but three times in the last seventy years. Will she not, in a new victory, demand that her old enemy be emasculated and made forever impotent? And England? With the memory of the trap of Flanders burned into her soul, power dives on retreating men, machine-gunning of soldiers swimming away from torpedoed rescue ships—is England likely to be inclined toward mercy if her time comes at the peace table? Surely these, too, are disquieting questions.

WHAT WILL THE NEW EUROPE be like? The whole question has been considered for Liberty by Pierre van Paassen in two articles, the first of which will appear next week. It will be called, If Germany Wins, and, together with its revealing map, will open your eyes to one of two great possibilities of the peace we may eventually get in our time. The week following—dated July 20—Mr. van Paassen will discuss If the Allies Win. You will make no mistake by putting these two articles, by such a distinguished European authority, at the top of your "must" list of current reading.

OTHER FEATURES next week which I especially recommend are: A revealing article by Morris Markey, Why We Were Stuck with Harry Bridges; America's Diving Monopoly, by Fred A. Cady, head Olympic Games diving coach; for bridge addicts and quiz fans, a page of sparkling questions by Sidney S. Lenz, famous bridge maestro; Forty-four Votes for Love, an intriguing story by Winston Norman; and another—Mr. Eppstein and the Lovely Liar, by Helen Fielder Lopez.

SALUTE TO THE POLICE! There is good news in the first quarterly bulletin for 1940 of the Uniform Crime Reports issued by the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Crime in the United States is on the decrease and at a startling and heartening rate. The advocates of repeal were justified in their contention that, with the end of prohibition, crime would go down. The comparison charts of major crimes between 1931 and 1940 show an unmistakable trend. Only rape has increased noticeably, and this later report shows that it, too, is declining. In all other major offenses against the person there are encouraging decreases. The drop in murder, including non-negligible manslaughter, amounted to the almost incredible figure of 20.2 per cent. It is true the trend for property crimes is somewhat different, but even here robbery shows a decrease of 5.9 per cent. Burglary and larceny increased slightly, but there was a 6-per-cent decrease in automobile thefts. This is great work and the credit goes to the standing army of our American cities, the police force, and the Federal Bureau of Investigation under the constructive generalship of J. Edgar Hoover. To those of us interested in crime prevention this is heartening news.

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THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.
FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY F. SANDS BRUNNER

From Barn to Boudoir, *or the Rise of Elsie the Cow*

ELSIE, THE BORDEN COW, was toying with a hairbrush in her wonderful new boudoir at the *New York World's Fair.*

She was terribly excited about the room, but trying hard to look nonchalant.

Elmer, the Bull, cleared his throat and said, "Some place, eh? Even better than we had last year."

"Why shouldn't it be?" Elsie replied. "I was the hit of the Fair last year. I expect a couple of million more people will want to shake hoofs with me this summer. To think that I owe all this to my milk!"

"And to The Borden Company," Elmer grunted. "After all, Elsie, they really brought you here just to give visitors a fancy-dress version of how well you live back home."

"Also to show how many important products are made from my milk," Elsie added. "Like ice cream."

"I've never tasted ice cream," murmured Elmer. "Is it as good as clover?"

"Better!" exclaimed Elsie. "*Borden's* Ice Cream is about a *million times* better . . . rich . . . smooth . . . unbelievably *pure.* Ask the young veterinarian who checks my health. Ask the scientists in the lab. Ask all those other folks who account for Borden's 'Quality Control'. They know that Borden's Ice Cream

and the other Borden products are as good and pure as can be made."

"What are the other products, Elsie? The last time you told me, I was reading the funnies."

"Well," said Elsie, "for one thing, there's *Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed*

Milk. Cooking magic starts when you pour it out of a can. It creates cake frostings and cookies and candies that would make even the Trylon's mouth water.

"And," she went on excitedly, "there's *Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk,* too. It's used by smart housewives in mashed potatoes

and casserole dishes. Doctors also approve it for babies. It's rich in the bone-building, 'sunshine vitamin,' Vitamin D."

"Come down off the soap box, Elsie," smiled Elmer. "You'll get so excited you'll curdle your milk."

"Humph," declared Elsie, "some of my milk is deliberately curdled by experts . . . that's what happens to all milk that is made into cheese. One of the most delicious is *Borden's Chateau,* made to an old Canadian recipe that lots of people have tried to imitate, but can't.

Mmmm, but it's good!"

"Gee, Elsie," said Elmer, "there *is* a lot more to you than milk. I can see why Borden's show you off in the boudoir. But, even if you are a big shot, how about a tour of the Fair this noon?"

"Gladly," Elsie smiled. "But, you'll have to promise to buy me a glass of *Borden's Malted Milk.* Now that I'm a celebrity, I have to watch my school-girl figure, so I've

taken up the habit of the Hollywood stars. They drink Borden's Malted Milk daily as the mainstay of a light lunch . . . it's so nourishing and satisfying. And, what's more, it's the malted milk the Quints drink."

"I'll have one, too," Elmer said, "provided it's good."

"Good?" exclaimed Elsie. "*If it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!*"

Be sure to see Elsie in her Boudoir at the Borden Building, New York World's Fair.

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